THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

PERIODICAL ROOM
GENERAL LIBRARY
UNIV. OF MICH.

The Week-end Review

AUG 15 1940

Vol. XX. No. 492 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1940 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] SIXPENCE

CONTENTS

COMMENTS . . . . Page 77
HITLER AND HALIFAX 79
WILL HUNGER WIN THE WAR? . . . 80
THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION. By Harold J. Laski 81
A LONDON DIARY 82
THIS ENGLAND 83
JAPAN'S QUICK-CHANGE GOVERNMENTS. By A. Morgan Young 84
SILENCE. By Y. Y. 84
AN AMOROUS CONVENTION. By Morys Gascoyen 85
POISONED SWEETS. By David Scott . 86
A FINE FILM. By William Whitebait . 87
PLAYS AND PICTURES 87
CORRESPONDENCE 88
From Eileen Leach; John Hampson; Harold Picton; Ruth; Clive Bell; Tutor; Prof. H. Levy; Thos. Russell; H. J. Timperley; Geoffrey Marchand; Rebecca West; Cyril Connolly.
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett 91
REVIEWS: Page
Major Poet. By T. C. Worsley. . 92
A Pack of Memoirs. By Christopher St. John 92
Planning Our Food. By L. F. Easterbrook 94
The Change of Heart. By Stephen Spender 94
Irish Travel. By Austin Clarke . . 96
Odds and Ends. By John Mair . . 96
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS . . . 98
THE WEEK IN THE CITY. By Cynicus . 99

THE IRRELEVANCE OF SIR KINGSLEY WOOD

SIR KINGSLEY WOOD has failed to make good the deficiencies of Lord Simon last April. His interim Budget—in glaring contrast to the analysis which preceded it—was based upon the same orthodox illusions as its predecessor and entirely shirked the real problem of a war economy. And yet that problem is not difficult to grasp. No taxation, however heavy, can in practice fill the gap between expenditure and revenue. Double the present rate of taxation and there would still be a deficit of £1,000 millions; while on Sir Kingsley Wood's own reckoning, even if voluntary savings and unused depreciation charges amount to £1,000 millions, we shall still be faced by a deficit of £800 millions in 1940–41 in spite of the tax increases he announced. The economy of total war is in its very essence inflationary, and no book-keeping or "sacrifices" can change this fact. Thus the central problem is not how to fill an unfillable gap, but how to prevent that steadily growing gap from hindering our war effort and causing unnecessary suffering, or, to put it more bluntly, how to control inflation to the best social advantage.

On this issue, the Budget completely failed to make sense. Sir Kingsley tried to argue that the check to personal expenditure which his increased taxation will produce would reduce consumption as the war effort requires. He seemed to regard civilian consumption as a solid column of expenditure, which rises and falls like a barometer, and to look forward to a startling fall as a result of his budgetary storm. But even if he had achieved a cut (and £126 millions of revenue this year will not offset £800-£1,000 millions new expenditure) can it be pretended that an indiscriminate attack upon civilian expenditure by means of fiscal policy solves the problem? Whilst the armaments industries boom, that section of the community concerned with the production of consumers' and luxury goods will languish. The result will be gross inequality of sacrifice, an inkling of which is provided by the plight of seaside resorts in the evacuation areas. Nor will there be any guarantee either that the factories put out of business will be those we wish to see put out of business, or that the distribution of the limited amount of goods available will be that which we desire. We may well have reduced consumption of the wrong things, and of the wrong people.

It almost looks as though our comfortable Chancellor shared Marshal Pétain's religious devotion to sacrifice for its own sake. If we all, with the exception of the investor in armaments, take Lenten vows of abstinence, God will provide, through the workings of orthodox economics, that increase of war production which is necessary for victory. This pious belief is unfounded. What we need is not a haphazard attack on civilian consumption, but the positive guidance of production and expenditure into the desired channels. Instead of indiscriminately forcing large sections of the consumers' industries to run at a loss or close down, we must carefully select those factories we wish to close and re-equip them for war; instead of permitting prices to rocket, we must extend rationing; and, as we have frequently urged, we must proceed to a compulsory pooling of industry in order to ensure economical use of our productive forces. None of these can be achieved by Sir Kingsley Wood's policy of "checking personal expenditure." That is why his Budget, which even on orthodox principles fails to "fill the gap," is irrelevant to the main problem of our war effort. It is inflationary, but makes no attempt to control the inflation; it demands sacrifices but fails to provide that those sacrifices will be beneficial in effect.

The Baltic Sovietised

Rapidly and without bloodshed Russia has all but completed the absorption of the Baltic Republics. The enlarged Russian garrison no doubt helped to make the elections held in all three a success, and their Left Governments are now petitioning for their admission, as socialist republics, into the Soviet Union. Their wish will certainly be granted. Meanwhile, they are nationalising the land, the banks and such big businesses as exist in these rather primitive countries. The change in their social structure will be slight, since peasant owners of farms up to 75 acres, that is to say, the vast majority, are exempt. We need not regret the semi-fascist régimes that have now vanished. All three, in varying degrees, had got rid of their original democratic forms, and had repressed not merely their Communists, but their very moderate Labour parties also. The occasion does not seem to us to call for the heavy public rebuke which Mr. Sumner

Welles has administered to Russia in the name of the U.S.A. A refusal to recognise this change of régime would be impolitic and dangerous, and it is to be hoped that our Foreign Office, so slow to co-operate with Washington to aid democratic China, will not follow its lead in this matter. The instincts of our propertied class may again turn Russia against us at a moment when her relations with the Nazis are obviously entering a new and critical phase. On the other hand, some menacing phrases used this week by the Moscow wireless against Finland may justify some better founded anxiety. Unlike the Baltic States, Finland is a genuine democracy, whose peasants and workers are loyal and contented.

The Defence of South America

Through Mr. Cordell Hull, the United States is laying before the Pan-American Conference at Havana the outline of a complete policy for the defence of the Western Hemisphere against Nazi penetration and conquest. To this peril of the early future Washington is thoroughly awake and is thinking on bold lines. First, on the military side, comes the proposal that the twenty-one American Republics shall jointly as trustees take over any European possessions whose ownership may be in danger of transfer. This is already accepted in principle, and applies primarily to French and Dutch colonies. More difficulty will arise over the desire of the U.S.A. to acquire for defence against the Nazis air bases on the southern shores of the Caribbean Sea. The complacent belief that the navy of the U.S.A., which dare not now quit the Pacific, can defend the Monroe Doctrine has been abandoned. The navy will be doubled, but more urgent by far is the call for military airports in South America. Further, the U.S.A. is prepared to rearm such Latin American republics as it can trust. But the economic plan bulks larger. The central proposal is the creation for the two Americas of a vast cartel which is to monopolise the sale of all the main articles of export—coffee, maize, wheat, cotton, and possibly minerals also. Most of the produce of the south competes with that of the U.S.A. which could buy little more from it. The plan is to bring the future trade of South America under North American financial control. Congress has voted £125,000,000 to finance this scheme, which includes the sterilisation of unsaleable surplus crops. The Argentine, for example, is now burning corn as fuel. It seems doubtful whether this plan has a future, for it arouses all the traditional fears of "Yankee Imperialism." The Argentine, which has made large deals with the Nazis on the assumption that the war will be over in September, seems to be leading the opposition to Washington.

The Japanese Blackmail

Mr. Churchill's statement on the closing of the Burma road to appease Japan affected to treat this surrender lightly: it was only for a provisional term of three months. His grave disclosure was his admission that the Foreign Office consulted in advance neither America nor Russia, though their views, we are told, were taken into consideration. It may be that neither singly nor jointly would they have acted—for Washington likes collaborating with Moscow no better than Downing Street. But to omit any consultation was a gross, and in the circumstances a dangerous, discourtesy. The censorship drew a not wholly impenetrable curtain over the anger which both of them displayed. The plea that little use could be made of this road in the coming rainy season is not valid. China had contracted for early deliveries of motor spirit on a great scale. These she has had to cancel, to the grave injury of her defence in the air and on land. So little did our surrender placate Japan, that on the next day Prince Konoye, with the army behind him, formed a new Ministry with a totalitarian programme, which a contributor with intimate knowledge describes on another page. It will liquidate such free party life as had survived in Japan. It will aim at the extension of Japanese hegemony over the South Pacific as well as the conquest of China, and will collaborate more closely with the Axis.

Starving and Disrupting France

Alexander Werth writes: The Pétain Government is paying a fearful price for its complete and unnecessary surrender of June 20th, and it is becoming clearer every day what hideous sufferings are in store for the people of France. The *Temps*, in a discreetly worded article complained last week of the "China Wall" with which the German conquerors had separated unoccupied France from the occupied territories. There are practically no communications between the two; and most of the refugees in the south who now wish to return to their homes are not allowed by the Germans to do so. The Germans angrily denounced the *Temps* article as a piece of "impudence." So long as this state of affairs continues, the Pétain Government will be faced with an insoluble economic problem. For here is half the population of France—about 10 million local inhabitants and about as many refugees—herded into one-third of the territory, which produces only one-eighth of the country's food (though about seven-eighths of its wine). Man cannot live on wine alone; and the wheat of the rich Beauce and Vexia plains, and the vegetables and meat and dairy produce of Normandy and Brittany, and the sugar of the North, instead of being sent to the South, in exchange for the wine, are now "commandeered" for their own use by the German conquerors. The French in the occupied territory have been put on iron rations. Those in "Pétain" France are in danger of starving before long. Add to this that a huge proportion of the refugees and demobilised soldiers in the South are unemployed; and no amount of public works planning by M. Marquet can do any good.

The policy of the Nazis towards France is becoming ominously clear. They are starving "Pétain" France, possibly into complete surrender—a surrender which might take the form of a request to the Germans to occupy the whole country rather than let half the population die of hunger. Secondly, the work of internal disruption, and the fostering of conflicts and feuds among Frenchmen—which were already so successful before—are proceeding on a large scale. The Germans, whose soldiers are said to be behaving "very decently" in Paris, are conducting, especially among the bewildered Paris working class an intensive propaganda against Pétain, who, they claim, has "without consulting the French people" inflicted upon France a "reactionary constitution"! The German-owned *Paris-Soir* in Paris is pouring abuse on M. Prouvost's wretched little *Paris-Soir* in Limoges; and the French workers are treated to glamorous *tableaux* of working-class happiness in Germany—no unemployment, minimum wage, and *Kraft durch Freude*. In short, National Socialism, with the emphasis on the last word, is preached to them; the whole of it mixed with anti-semitic and anti-British propaganda. "Undemocratic England" is represented as the eternal enemy of the French nation. The Germans are obviously using the ex-Communist Doriot and other demagogues to the best advantage, and are trying to exploit to the full the discontent, the unhappiness, the bewilderment of the Paris people, their disappointment with the Communists and their anger with the men of Vichy who betrayed them. For did not the Government order the workers to stay behind in Paris, while everybody else "beat it"? A new kind of Commune, under German auspices, is being created in Paris—not, clearly, for the benefit of the French working class, but for a further weakening and disintegration of France. The Vichy Government is getting worried by this "disloyalty" of Paris; only what can it do about it—except go on complaining to the sneering, swaggering Nazis?

Sir John Anderson and the Refugees

As Home Secretary, Sir John Anderson has to answer for the black weeks in which we have treated as enemies or criminals the refugees from Fascism whom we had taken under our protection. Sir John may have acted against his better judgment, but if the inspiration for this shameful episode in our history comes from the War Office or from some other organisation, Sir John has to bear the brunt and to supply the remedy. The changes that he promised on Tuesday were very far from adequate. Internment, he said, would still be the rule, but there will be further examination and release of individuals where that is possible. Mistakes would be rectified; the categories of exemption enlarged to include some who can render special services to the State in time of war; and a full statement of the categories eligible for exemption is to be published. A small Advisory Committee is to assist Sir John; it includes Sir Herbert Emerson and Major-

General Sir Neill Malcolm, both of whom have done good service in refugee work in the past. This Committee will review the application of the principles laid down for internment, advise the Home Secretary on internment policy and make recommendations about individual cases or groups of cases. The responsibility for internees is to be transferred to the Home Office, though the War Office will remain responsible for providing the camps and the personnel to guard them. The Home Office will in future select the aliens to be transferred overseas. (This provision was no doubt made to satisfy criticism of the increasingly mysterious and disgraceful story of the *Arandora Star*. Mr. Eden promised to let the House know before long how this particular cargo, which included well-known anti-Nazis, came to be made up; the boat was supposed to contain only Nazi sympathisers.) Sir John Anderson also announced the appointment of a representative Advisory Council to be attached to the Refugee Department of the Foreign Office which, amongst other functions, would advise and assist the Home Office about the welfare of those detained in internment camps.

The questions that followed Sir John Anderson's statement showed that the House of Commons realised that the door had been opened to reform, but that only continuous pressure can ensure that this scandal will be removed. Will wives and husbands continue to be suddenly wrenched apart, and will anti-Nazi refugees still be driven to despair and suicide by finding themselves shut up with Nazi prisoners in conditions terribly reminiscent of the concentration camps which they fled Germany to avoid? Will anti-Nazis be able to receive letters and news and be treated as friends and not enemies? Will Sir John and his Committees consult those who know the difference between Nazis and anti-Nazis, and see to it that all those who are willing shall have an opportunity, if necessary under supervision, to work under civilised conditions? Further, we must ask in the case of internees who have been sent to Canada, whether adequate steps have been taken to acquaint the Dominion authorities with the facts about those put into their charge. The Under-Secretary for the Dominions gave some but not an adequate assurance on this point. Canadians have had no experience of refugee problems, and they have received these refugees in a mixed batch of war prisoners and Nazi sympathisers. The relatives of these anti-Nazis must have the assurance that these men are not being treated as enemies. One could continue a long list of such questions; some will be suggested by the letters we print in our correspondence columns this week.

A Victory for Common Sense

Hats off to the Backbenchers who fought until Sir John Anderson was compelled to agree to vital changes in his Special Courts Bill! He finally agreed to make the amendments the House wished when the Bill goes to the Lords. We presume that it will now be clear in the Act that war zones will only be proclaimed in cases of invasion and that sentences of death imposed by the new summary courts will be subject to judicial review. It was mainly on this last point that the House got excited. Mr. Shinwell rightly pointed out that under the Bill, as it stood, a starving man who stole a loaf of bread from a shop might be shot out of hand as a "looter." A sharp division must be made between the power to impose a long prison sentence and to inflict the death penalty. The death penalty is irrevocable. On more than one issue this week, Backbenchers on both sides of the House showed an admirable grasp of the essential liberties which can be maintained in wartime. Let us note, too, that their criticism has been effective because the press has been free to support the same causes. If the press were to lose its present freedom to criticise, as some apparently desire that it should, the power of the House of Commons would die with it.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

CENSORSHIP REGULATIONS allow only the publisher or newsagent with a permit to post printed matter to certain countries. Readers are free to post to any part of the British Empire (excepting Eire and Northern Ireland) and to any country of the American Continent (excepting dependencies of enemy-occupied countries) but are advised to consult a Post Office or a newsagent before attempting to post elsewhere.

POSTAGE on this issue is: Inland, 1½d.; Foreign, 1d.; Canada, 1d.

HITLER AND HALIFAX

In his recent speech, Herr Hitler made "an appeal to common sense." "I can see," he said, "no reason why this war should go on. I am grieved to think of the sacrifices which it will claim. I should like to avert them also for my own people." And he added: "If Mr. Churchill brushes aside this assertion, my conscience will be clear with regard to the things to come."

This peace-challenge—for it can hardly be called a peace-offer—has been brushed aside by the British Government. Lord Halifax found it of so little account that he devoted most of his broadcast last Monday, not to the problems for which he is responsible to Parliament, but to a highly personal appeal to the minority of British citizens who are church-going Christians. It seems to be assumed both that Hitler is not worth answering and that our cause is both known and approved throughout the world.

Both these assumptions are, we believe, untenable. Since the fall of the Chamberlain Government, no responsible Minister has found time to put into words the new policy and new outlook which, we had hoped, would distinguish the Churchill-Labour Cabinet from its unlamented predecessor. Since Lord Halifax remains at the Foreign Office and Mr. Chamberlain in the Cabinet, world opinion is easily led to believe that a mere Cabinet reshuffle has taken place: we are fighting harder, but we are still fighting for those things which are associated with the names of Sir John Simon, Sir Samuel Hoare and Mr. Neville Chamberlain.

This is the first reason why Hitler's peace-challenge should have been taken up and answered by a man better qualified by his record in recent years to speak for the cause we uphold. We have a lot to live down. Seven years of compromise and surrender, followed by ten months of phony war, have reduced not merely our prestige as a great Power but our good name as the protagonist of liberty and progress. Our intentions are doubted as never before in history: that doubt will be destroyed not by pious platitudes but by a clear and vigorous statement first of the social order we wish to build in Britain and, second, of the world order which we put forward as an alternative to Hitler's Third Reich and Japan's Yellow Fascism. The second reason why Hitler should not be left unanswered is the delicate situation inside Germany. With the end of "encirclement," the bond of repression and hatred which united the Nazis and their followers is weakened. Gladdened by the astonishing victories of their armies, the German people breathed more freely. The weight of fear was removed and Versailles became not a symbol of injustice but a part of ancient history. The feeling was widespread that the war was over: now it is followed by a new anxiety because Hitler has made it clear that the war will go on and hints that August 15th will not bring that final peace which Ribbentrop had promised.

Here is a moment of supreme psychological importance. The spell which created National Socialism has been broken by its very success: will it be Hitler or ourselves who weave the new spell to carry the German revolution over its third wave? Will Hitler persuade them that British plutocracy by its Continental blockade obstinately blocks the way to peace? Or shall we at last take the moral offensive and set the whisper running through the factories and offices, "We could have had the peace we desire if Hitler had not been greedy for spoils." And the same is true of the other peoples of Europe. They, too, have watched not the conquest but the collapse of the old order, and millions who hate the Nazis still admit in the secrecy of their hearts that if the Nazis are evil they are strong: their own rulers were both evil and weak. They know far better than Lord Halifax that the French capitulation has closed an epoch of history and they ask themselves anxiously, "Is the battle now between Hitler's New European Order and the old British Empire?" Or is it, as they desire but hardly dare to hope, between the lords of the Third Reich and the protagonists of European revolution? On the answer to that question hangs the issue of the war and the fate of these islands. That Lord Halifax gave no answer, is hardly surprising. He still moves in that serene and narrow world of his predecessor, Lord Grey, in which such questions are not raised save by interlopers. Hitler does him an injustice when he calls him a "plutocrat": he derives from the epoch which preceded plutocracy and understands the age of capitalism as little as its dawning successor.

But if we are to defeat Hitler, someone must answer that question—and answer it quickly. To disregard Hitler's peace-challenge and dig ourselves in behind our island defences is to isolate ourselves both from the Old World and from the New, and to widen that gulf which already begins to yawn between the British Government and the British people. If we are forced to stand on the moral defensive, we shall lose our friends abroad and suffer that moral collapse at home which led to the French defeat. Hitler says, "The European war is over: and I would proceed to the peaceful building of the Third Reich, if Britain did not stand in the way." What answer have we got to that challenge, which will gain the active support of millions who next winter may starve in a blockaded Europe? What hope of a better world can we give them so new and vital that they will prefer to risk their lives in illegal warfare rather than make their terms with the Lords of the Third Reich? To give no answer at all, or to confine our answer to diplomatic formulas and cant phrases is to hand Europe over to the spiritual leadership of Hitler and Mussolini.

We shall no doubt be told that the cares of invasion weigh so heavily that Ministers have no time for peace aims or propaganda. This "invasion-complex" is a subtle product of Nazi propaganda. By fixing our attention on one of several possibilities, the Nazis divert our attention from their other activities and inhibit our own activity in other fields. In the months before the war they exploited the fear of an aerial bombardment of London in the same way, and hypnotised our leaders into believing not their own experts on the subject but the scaremongers of Berlin. By persuading us that invasion is the only danger, Dr. Goebbels effects that isolation of Britain from Europe which is an essential part of German strategy. At a moment of supreme danger for the Third Reich, we see only our own peril.

Inaction now, a refusal to look beyond the end of this week or next month, will cost us dear. Next winter will be the testing time for both sides. In those long months of aerial and military inactivity, we could, if we were preparing it now, sow the seeds of revolution in Europe. Instead we are apparently determined to sit tight and rely on the blockade to starve Europe out, little realising that if Europe regards us as the obstinate defenders of an empire, the blockade will merely strengthen the Third Reich. But imagine that Lord Halifax had taken up Hitler's peace-challenge. Imagine that he had said, "We, too, do not want war: we look with loathing upon the prospect of inflicting suffering upon innocent millions, who are our friends, while we know that our true enemies will escape the ravages of blockade by plundering the subject peoples. Our war is not against Europe but against its new overlords and all those who have connived at their victories. And as an earnest of our intentions we make this proposal: withdraw your troops from their countries and we will lift our blockade and collaborate with the United States in provisioning the peoples of Europe. You, Hitler, claim to be fighting for the liberation of Europe. We take you at your word. Nothing but the German armies stand between Europe and its supplies from overseas.

"You celebrated last Friday not only the victories of your generals and armies, but the collapse of an effete European order. You rightly dismissed most of the leaders who had confronted you as "mere nonentities" and claimed to have rid a continent of the obstacles to its proper unity. Those things which crumbled before you did not deserve to survive. We, too, are glad to see them go. But in their place what do you build? What benefits has your war of liberation brought to the Europe you have unified? Instead of the chaos of private capitalism, the eternal war-machine; instead of the evasions and hypocrisies of a dying ruling-class, the ruthless domination of your war-lords and their foreign hirelings; instead of the anarchy of nation States, the discipline of the Gestapo. As a prophet of destruction, you had perhaps your place in history. But the world you seek to build is more soulless than that which you destroyed.

"Herr Hitler, your role in history is finished. Through your evil, good has come. In your passion for a wicked domination, you have expelled the mighty from their seats. Now we, in our turn, the free peoples of a free commonwealth, shall exalt those that are humble and of low degree, and with them destroy you in your turn. We stand against you as the protagonists of the new united Europe which you made possible by your revolution, but could not build. And as an earnest of this purpose, we offer here and now to any people which throws off your yoke, not the recognition of its exiled Government, but that full and complete union with ourselves which the betrayers of France refused. Your Empire has grown by subterfuge and conquest, until it includes all Europe outside this island. The New Europe will grow by liberation until all that remains to you of the Third Reich is that eirie in your native mountains, where you will take refuge from the wrath of your own nation. And far below will surge the free peoples who, in destroying your Empire, will have created their freedom."

That, indeed, would have been a reply to Hitler. There is still time to make it.

WILL HUNGER WIN THE WAR?

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT)

MANY of our allies have been defeated. Yet a number of people still cherish the belief that there is at least one ally upon whom we can rely whatever happens—Hunger.

All the countries of Europe have been deprived of much of their agricultural labour since autumn, 1939, through armaments production, mobilisation and actual warfare. Much damage has been caused by the long, severe winter, whilst the labour which might have been used to repair this damage has often been lacking. In some places floods have ruined the prospects of a good harvest. Last spring gigantic armies, equipped with the most modern technical devices, swept over fertile soil and over the growing harvests. Millions of Dutch, Belgian and French peasants fled before the German war machine, leaving behind them all their goods and chattels as well as the crops in the fields. Since Italy has entered the war as an active belligerent, it has become technically easier to prevent the import of grain and fodder into Europe by means of the blockade.

The question arises whether victory can be ensured by England blockading the Continent and holding out on the defensive. Will not the peoples all over Europe arise in revolt against the Nazis who have dominated half the Continent by force and condemned to starvation all those who have come under the Nazi yoke? Hunger it was which defeated the Germany of 1918 under the Kaiser. Will not hunger defeat Nazi Germany to-day and will not the process be more rapid this time because the Germans were already in a state of semi-starvation when the war began?

Again and again this belief is expressed. It is most strikingly illustrated by a recent cartoon in the *Daily Herald* entitled "Against Time." In it Hitler is seen whetting a sword which bears the inscription "Invasion of Britain." Near him an hour-glass is running down—the German food supply.

This idea that Hitler can be defeated by blockade alone is an illusion and to destroy such an illusion is demanded by the realism that is essential for victory.

Germany entered the war with a good harvest in her granaries and with a surplus from the 1938 bumper crop. Darré, Reich Minister of Food Supplies, claimed at the outbreak of war that existing stocks of grain would be enough to feed the population for a whole year. This is probably an exaggeration, as most Nazi statements are. But it is a fact that gymnasiums and ballrooms were requisitioned for grain storage because the ordinary granaries were not sufficient. The number of auxiliary storerooms was stated to be 8,500 at the beginning of 1940. And even assuming that reserves are only half what Darré claims and that the 1940 harvest is only half of what could normally be expected, Germany could hold out till the 1941 harvest.

The German crops declined from year to year between 1913 and 1917. But the decisive drop—to about half the normal level—happened only after two years for potatoes, and for grain after three years of war. The main cause of this decline was lack of labour, of horses and of fertilisers. What is the position to-day with regard to these three items?

German agriculture suffered for years from a lack of labour. This lack has been accentuated by the war. But already in the autumn of 1939 and still more in the spring of 1940 compensation was found in prisoners of war and in "voluntary" labour from Poland. The first German institutions set up in Poland were Labour Exchanges. From September 3rd, 1939, at least one Labour Exchange per day was established. By the middle of October the organisation was complete and there were 115 Labour Exchanges. Through them 780,000 labourers were sent to Germany. In addition it is most likely that the 300,000 Polish prisoners of war still in Germany are also working on the land. To these one million imported serfs we have to add the "voluntary" help of men, women and children, now organised by the Nazis on a larger scale than ever. Before the spring offensive in the West peasants were granted leave from the army so that they might work their land. In spite of all this, the lack of adequate labour will have an adverse affect upon the 1940 harvest. But unless we can reckon on military intervention by the Soviet Union against Germany—an event which would draw heavily upon German labour reserves—we have to admit that the labour shortage will not have fatal consequences for the Nazis in the coming year.

The lack of horses certainly caused difficulties. But it is probable that these difficulties have been largely overcome by "mutual help" from the peasants, by horses which form part of the booty in Poland and above all by an increase in the use of tractors. These tractors work day and night and also on Sundays. Such organisation is one of the strong points of the Germans.

The supply of fertilisers—apart from phosphates—is according to German reports only a little lower than a year ago. But even were this decline much more considerable, we must not forget that the supply in 1939 was about 50 per cent. higher than in 1929 (which was a boom year). This means that even a considerable decline could not possibly have catastrophic results for the Germans. The supply of phosphates has been reduced to one-half or a quarter. Phosphate fertiliser, however, has an effect upon the soil long after it has been put into it. Phosphate deficiency therefore will have its full effects only after two or three years.

Weighing up these three points and allowing for the severity of the winter and the lateness of the spring we reach the conclusion that the 1940 harvest will be smaller than that of 1939. But it is still possible to make up for this deficiency out of the existing reserves.

Fats and meat were always the weakest points in Germany's food supply. Before the war Germany had to import only 10 per cent. of her supply of vegetable food, but she imported 25 per cent. of animal food and 44 per cent. of fats. The dependence on imports as regards the last two items is caused by the necessity to import fodder. By making great efforts Germany succeeded in decreasing her imports of fodder by enlarging her own fodder basis. She has already taken all possible measures such as collecting food waste for pig feeding.

The population of Germany has long been accustomed to "going short." "Going short" has been organised by keeping wages low, by putting up prices, by rationing already before the war, and by very far-reaching rationing of nearly all articles of food since the beginning of the war. It is a great advantage for the Nazis that this organisation did not have to be gradually introduced as in 1914–1918 but was there ready down to the last detail. Thanks to the Nazi terror, the amount of illicit trading designed to evade the restrictions imposed by the rationing system is very small indeed compared with the last war.

We have considered the situation inside Germany. But we must not regard Germany as an isolated unit detached from the rest of Europe. Some experts have predicted that the net European deficiency in grain and flour will amount to nine million tons. If we express this as a percentage of the harvests in Europe, it amounts to a deficiency of 5 per cent. including Russia and 8 per cent. if we exclude Russia. This would not be sufficient to cause famine in Europe. Some parts of Europe, however, Belgium for example, are especially affected by the bad harvest, a fact that gives rise to difficult problems of transport and organisation. Transport problems will present greater difficulties to the Nazis than problems of organisation. But to expect general famine would be absurd even if we calculate on the basis of those published figures which are most unfavourable for the Nazis.

During last winter these questions with regard to food supplies were anxiously asked in Germany: Will it be possible to transport soya beans from Manchukuo in considerable quantities by the Trans-Siberian Railway? Will Russia keep her promise of last autumn to supply Germany with one million tons of fodder grain? To what extent do Germany's prolonged attempts at adapting Balkan economy to her needs bear fruit? And to what extent can Germany reap the harvest of these efforts in the course of the war? Not even Goebbels' press could give a completely optimistic answer to all these questions. But military events during the spring have brought into view quite a new economic perspective. In the meantime the policy of guns instead of butter has succeeded and butter has been conquered by guns.

The invaders found large stocks of foodstuffs, especially in Denmark and Holland, of which the German population soon reaped the benefit. Menus in the restaurants were allowed to have a greater variety. Certain kinds of cheese now contain 45 per cent. of fat instead of 20 per cent. The cheese ration was increased first by 33 per cent. and then again by the same amount. More eggs and butter are now available in Germany. According to an official statement, made by a responsible Secretary of State, stocks of butter, cheese and eggs will be larger at the beginning of next winter than they were at the beginning of the war.

Mainly in Denmark, but also in Holland, the Nazis found a comparatively large amount of live stock. In Great Britain the proportion of cattle to the population is one to five and of pigs one to ten. In Denmark there is almost one head of cattle to every member of the population, and with pigs the proportion is seven to ten. Extensive imports of fodder made it possible to maintain such a large quantity of live stock which in its turn was the basis for the agricultural exports of these countries. Now shortage of feeding-stuffs will cause a reduction of live stock, and the cattle slaughtered will supply the Nazis with additional quantities of meat for months. Of course, future export possibilities for these countries are impaired. But further exports to Germany will not be cut out.

The Nazis can draw upon still another reserve by reducing the high standard of life of some of their neighbours, in many cases even below the level of Nazi Germany. We know the Göring Regulations for Poland: Persons employed in armaments or other key industries are to be supplied with sufficient food to maintain their full working capacity; the rest of the population are to be kept down to minimum subsistence level so long as there is a food shortage. This is the recipe for enabling countries to export even whilst their agrarian production is declining. It can be worked as long as farmers continue to produce for the market and as long as the "unproductive consumers" can be held down by the Gestapo and army of occupation and forced to accept the starvation level.

THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION

THE triumphant renomination of Mr. Roosevelt at Chicago is primarily due to three causes. It was clear that no other man had any comparable hold on the party, much less, as the public opinion polls had shown, upon the nation; any possible alternative, except Mr. Hull, might easily have split the party, and it is pretty certain that Mr. Hull shared the general view that the President must be "drafted" by the Convention. It was due, secondly, to the belief that Mr. Willkie will make a good candidate, and that the Democrats needed their best available man to beat him. It was due, thirdly, to the rapidly growing conviction among, above all, the independent voters that no one can handle these next grave years with anything like the authority or knowledge of the President. If, so far, he has been a good deal ahead of his public opinion, each day of the war narrows the distance between them.

Mr. Roosevelt will enter the campaign with two handicaps operating against him. The first, and the one most certain to be fully exploited, is the tradition against the third term. There is no doubt at all of its depth; and there will be many voters for Mr. Willkie on that ground alone. But it will count for much less than at any previous time for two reasons. First, the war has made the folly of slavish devotion to any mechanical tradition grimly obvious; and, second, the proceedings at the Convention itself will have convinced many with whom the tradition might otherwise have weighed that Mr. Roosevelt has genuinely accepted nomination out of devotion to public needs, and not in service to private ambition. I am speaking with real knowledge when I say that up to almost the eve of the Convention, some of the President's most intimate friends were afraid that he could not even be "drafted," so strong was his personal preference for a return to private life.

His second handicap will be the intensity of the support, financial and otherwise, that big business will give to Mr. Willkie. Big business does not so much fear a third term for the Democratic Party; it fears a third term for the New Deal, and the New Deal is Mr. Roosevelt. This means the danger to the forces of big business that all its major measures, the Securities Act, the Labour Relations Act, the Wages and Hours Act, the control of public utilities, the development of the great national power schemes, will become a part of the national tradition in America. If these are the known dangers, how much more, in the domestic field, do they not fear the unknown, the expedients that may be devised by those acute minds round the President who are bold enough to think that big business should be below the law, and not above it? There will be no limit to the pressure big business will put upon its constituency to play for "soundness" and Mr. Willkie—that is, to put big business once more in a position where its influence is secure.

Mr. Roosevelt, on the other hand, has some trump cards in his hands. The first, and the greatest, is the extraordinary and growing revival of his personal prestige. This is mainly the outcome of the realisation of how right he has been in the measure he has taken of the war, and how sound have been the general lines of his direction of American policy in the international sphere. Mr. Willkie has no effective criticism to make of these; and the question obviously arises in the voter's mind, can an untried and inexperienced man do so well? The second trump card is that Mr. Roosevelt has made government in these eight years genuinely interesting to the ordinary man because he has related it to the ordinary man's interests. What do the Republicans offer instead? A desiccated version of the New Deal, suited to the palate of the Economic Royalists. That is why Mr. Roosevelt, despite the antagonism, due to personal pique, of John L. Lewis, will keep the full strength of the Labour vote, and, with the important backing of Mr. H. A. Wallace as his running mate, pretty nearly the full strength of the farmer's vote. Labour will be held by the prospect that the New Deal will go on; and the farmers will be held by the knowledge that Mr. Wallace always gave them a square deal. Mr. Willkie may retort that he comes from the "hoosier" State of Indiana; it is a simple and, I suspect, an effective reply, that the tenderness of his own company, the Commonwealth and Southern, for the farmer's interest in cheap power development, was not its most outstanding feature. And, above and beyond all this, there is the sense that Mr. Roosevelt is a world-figure, in the way in which Lincoln and Woodrow Wilson were world-figures. He knows how to make articulate the hopes of those silent millions who hate tyranny, whether it is that of the dictator in Berlin or Rome, or those more hidden, because less personal, autocracies whose habits have been grimly revealed in the stark pages of the La Follette Report. The Duponts will be for Mr. Willkie, Mr. Ford and Mr. Girdler and Wall Street; the "Two Hundred Families" of the United States somehow do not sound like the bead-roll of American democracy. Mr. Willkie will not be able easily to escape from the burden of their support; and Mr. Roosevelt is a skilful enough campaigner, even in the limited effort he will be constrained to make as candidate, to see that he does not escape. And what he does not directly indicate, the redoubtable Mr. Ickes, who knows how to call a spade a spade, will effectively drive home.

To some extent, obviously, the course of the election will depend upon events in Europe. But those events, I think, will not do more than affect the size of Mr. Roosevelt's majority. Mr. Willkie will do better than Mr. Landon in 1936; he is a more robust type of candidate, and his party, in its extremity, will fight harder. I think it is a safe prophecy that Mr. Willkie will carry without fail the irretrievably Republican fastnesses of Maine and Vermont, together with Pennsylvania; I think it possible that he will win his own State of Indiana (though Mr. Landon could not hold Kansas in 1936), Oregon, Connecticut and Minnesota, and he may carry Wisconsin also, if Senator La Follette decides that he needs Republican influence there for his own re-election to the Senate. Beyond that figure, I think his hopes are small indeed. His main object will be to make himself indispensable to the Republican party with a view to 1944.

HAROLD J. LASKI

A LONDON DIARY

THREE-QUARTERS of Hitler's speech last Friday was devoted to recalling German victories and assigning the credit and decorations for them. The real credit, of course, went only to Hitler; he becomes more godlike every day. Göring was specially praised as the creator of "my air force," and, after Göring and Ribbentrop, so many Nazi leaders were mentioned that it must be difficult for any one to be jealous in this new Valhalla. There is Hitler and the Rest. The order of precedence given to the Nazi leaders is, however, interesting. First Hess, then Lutze, head of the S.A.; Himmler, chief of the Gestapo came third (formal applause only), while Dr. Goebbels, who surprisingly received the loudest cheer, came sixth on the list. Hitler's speech was made for home consumption. If he had meant it to lead to peace talks with Britain at this stage he would have put forward actual proposals. Instead, he was content to paint the picture of a unified Europe now unnecessarily attacked and bombed by Britain. He made considerable play with Mr. Churchill's surely unwise remark about fighting the war, if necessary, from Canada, and suggested that in the end Mr. Churchill would no doubt be in Canada, far from the common people who might not share his wishes about continuing to resist. He prophesied that the war must go on until one or other nation was completely destroyed, and said: "I shall make a great prophecy; I shall destroy a great Empire I never meant to destroy." One remembers the oracle which Croesus consulted. Croesus, you will remember, was also told that he would destroy a great Empire; it turned out to be his own.

* * *

How utterly lamentable not to seize this moment for a constructive reply to Hitler! Here he was on the defensive, warning the German people that he would not after all achieve the peace that was promised them in August. I have been for some time dubious whether the threatened invasion would happen immediately; the speech suggests that Hitler has other plans. He may make Spain his next objective and induce Mussolini to attack Egypt. He may, of course, have some big surprise for us, but he may prefer simply to intensify his attacks on harbours, shipping, factories and so forth in the hope of undermining British resistance during a winter of strain. He will argue that the higher the taxation and the more inroads which war makes inevitable on the capitalist system, the more propertied people will be inclined to imitate Pétain. He will note with satisfaction that Britain has been recently behaving in one respect as the French behaved; that the genuine anti-Nazi refugees have been locked-up and that much is being done to breed discontent and distrust of the Government by various methods of suppression and petty persecution. I recall Hitler's remark that wars should not be begun until they have been won by a process of preliminary disintegration. The Fifth Column is the real secret weapon.

* * *

Clive Bell asks in the Correspondence columns this week what constitutes a Fifth Column? Obviously it is a short phrase for a complex business, and it is often used in a misleading way. The real Fifth Column in any country are those people who are prepared to help the invading enemy; in Holland they met and guided parachutists. Some of them may aspire to the unenviable honour of being nominal rulers under the Reich. The word has been extended to cover those who are prepared for war, provided they themselves are not seriously incommoded; meanwhile in their hearts they are prepared to accept Nazi rule. It does not include real pacifists, who are necessarily anti-Nazi, nor does it properly apply to genuine Communists, even though their political utterances have been at times helpful to the Nazis. On this point I was glad to see that Ernest Bevin spoke clearly the other day. He said that there had been no cases of working-class treachery in any of the countries attacked by Germany, and he specifically included the Communists in this testimonial. (The whole moving passage in which Mr. Bevin defended the working class seems to have been made *ex tempore*. Mr. Bevin should always lose his notes.)

* * *

Considerable damage has been done to British morale during the last few weeks by the shocking treatment accorded to enemy aliens, by the pettifogging persecution of people selling papers or of people making silly remarks in their cups, by threats to the freedom of the press and by such quickly defunct absurdities as the Silent Column. The tide has turned in these matters. The Beaverbrook press, which led the panic, has changed round magnificently. Michael Foot's article, "Why Not Intern General Gaulle?" repeated with immense vigour and effect certain arguments about the way to win the war with which readers of this paper are familiar. The *Daily Herald* has now come out strong, and the *Times* (a significant sign that the wind really has changed) has begun to print letters of protest. On Tuesday Mr. Mallon's letter denouncing the rounding-up of harmless elderly Jews in the East End—the very last people in the world to help Hitler—was the more effective because it was printed by the side of Lord Halifax's reply to Hitler under the heading of "The Meaning of Freedom." As I read the letters which have poured into this office describing the futile and shocking suffering that police measures have caused to anti-Fascist refugees in this country during the last few weeks, I have felt utterly ashamed for this country. Many others now feel the same: the House of Commons is still powerful and Sir John Anderson's statement on Tuesday, inadequate though it was, may, if we all work hard enough, indicate a change of tide.

* * *

Who has been responsible for all this nonsense? Why have the authorities been so slow in examining the case of some highly dubious people with British passports? Why have they made so sharp a distinction between "harmless" German residents and the refugees? Was there evidence against any refugee with a record of anti-Nazi work in Germany? Who invented the Silent Column idea? Why do decent people with blameless records have their houses searched by the police? The answer is no doubt partly hysteria; people begin to lay information, that terrible fruit of tyranny, and one must remember that the training and outlook of Military Intelligence are always directed to subversive activities on the Left, while the notion of looking for such activities amongst well-to-do people, especially if they have titles and great estates, is a novelty which they only get used to with difficulty. Ignorance accounts for a lot. I have in front of me some very amusing recent cases. A friend of mine who has for years taken an active part in preserving the field-paths of England had difficulty in clearing his name from a charge of Fifth Column activities because he naturally possessed a number of large-scale walking maps, and then (suspicious circumstance) he had been to Norway not long before the war. The most comic case was that of a well-known lecturer in a provincial university, who was elaborately cross-examined by the Chief Constable after his house had been ransacked. Amongst other questions he was accused of being connected with the New Commonwealth Society, darkly suspected by the Chief Constable of being under German influence. The founder and inspiration of this Society is Lord Davies, and its Honorary President is Mr. Churchill, which shows just how far the Fifth Column reaches! When my friend carefully explained some of these simple matters, the Chief Constable said suspiciously that he was much too glib with his answers.

* * *

On Tuesday Mr. Russell Strauss asked the Prime Minister in the House "whether the Committee appointed by his predecessor, under the chairmanship of Lord Swinton, to report to him suspicious political activities, is still in existence; who its members are; and whether it is now making any reports?" When the Prime Minister said that to give the information would not be in the public interest, Mr. Strauss suggested that some account of the functions of this Committee, set up without the public's knowledge, might be desirable to allay public suspicion. Mr. Strauss's appeal is certainly strengthened by the remarkable statements about this Committee made on Tuesday morning in the *Daily Herald*. According to Mr. Maurice Webb, the *Daily Herald's* Parliamentary correspondent, this mysterious Committee is responsible for locking up "a number of dangerous Fifth Columnists," but may also, judging from its personnel, "not be as discriminating as it ought to be." Mr. Webb gave, as members of the Committee, three names: first, Lord Swinton (who was Mr. Lloyd-Greame and Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister before he won his title), Sir Joseph Ball and Mr. W. C. Crocker. Lord Swinton was once Minister for Air; as Cunliffe-Lister he was also prominent in the City and particularly interested in tin. Sir Joseph Ball was at one time head of the Conservative Party Research Department; he earned the reputation of an extreme reactionary. At the beginning of the war he was in charge of film publicity at the Ministry of Information. Mr. Crocker became well known as the solicitor who showed up the fire-raising gang in the East End. He is certainly a clever lawyer who knows a lot about London's underworld.

* * *

None of us want to do anything to damage public security, but surely Mr. Strauss and the rest of us are entitled to know why this Committee was set up (was it just before Mr. Chamberlain's resignation?); whether the men mentioned constitute the Committee; whether and to whom they make reports; and what are their powers and functions? Parliament and the public have the constitutional right to insist on these questions being answered.

* * *

It was sad to hear that Robert Dell had died in New York last Sunday. He was one of the most vivacious, witty and individual of men; he was an excellent writer with the born journalist's passion for not being deceived and finding out the "low-down" on things. He was for many years correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, and at intervals of the *New Statesman*, the *Nation*, and of the combined journal. During the last years of democratic muddle and failure, Dell was continuously angry and not at all comforted by being right all through about the nature of the Nazi movement. There was exceedingly valuable material in his *Germany Unmasked*, though it was not a wholly wise book with its indiscriminate attack on all things German. But he understood the Nazis and inveighed against what he called the damned folly of trying "to give fair play to the rattlesnake." He was not cautious; he was expelled from France for being too outspoken during the last war, and even the Swiss Government nearly expelled him on one occasion. He hated the pro-Fascism, as he thought it, of the Chamberlains and Lavals, and he despised the weakness of Delbos and Blum, though he used to be a friend of both. He thought most highly of Barthou, who wanted a European coalition against the Nazis. When the Blum Government accepted Non-intervention, he 'phoned from Geneva to his colleague in Paris, Alex Werth, simply to say: "I say, Werth, there is no need for a Fascist Government in France. The Fascists will always find a Government of the Left to carry out their policy."

* * *

Dell was as famous in Paris and at Geneva for his flair for news as he was for the distinction of his personality. He took great care of his clothes, of his white locks, and his sprucely upturned white moustache. In the last years of his life he wore dark spectacles; but before that he used to wear a monocle, which made him look like an old-fashioned British Ambassador. His voice was as unmistakable as his appearance. The petulant high feminine note when he got excited in a political argument, the high, faintly Cockney drawl when he called somebody (as he often did) an "aw—w—ful person," and his loud hearty laugh were peculiar to him. Dozens of his friends mimicked his voice with varying degrees of success. David Scott was the best impersonator of Dell both in English and French, and Dell, who was very fond of David, greatly enjoyed hearing these registrations of his choice utterances, particularly in French, which he spoke very correctly, but with an accent that was a caricature of the way in which English people are supposed to pronounce French. His French sounded just like English. Dell's spiritual home was Paris. He loved the people, and their way of living, and their food and wine. He thought that Paris had deteriorated since 1914; and he hated the garish new cafés. But he loved old restaurants like the Petit Riche, and every time he came to Paris from Geneva he insisted on dragging his friends to see the "1900" *can-can* at the Bal Tabarin. "Awfully nice girls," he would say, with a caress in his voice, as they kicked their heels about in their Toulouse-Lautrec setting. Paris has now gone; both as a symbol and as a reality. It was logical for Dell not to survive Paris for long.

* * *

"To-day's budget will demand sacrifices from all." So said the *News Chronicle* of July 23rd. So, in effect, said all the newspapers. Pondering the meaning of this word, so bravely used in all periods of crisis, I read on the front page of the *Times* an advertisement that said:

> Wanted, second housemaid of three; wages £42 per annum; two ladies in family, nine servants kept. Apply ——

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to J. N. Fisher.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Few things—apart from war—can be more nerve-racking than the anxiety of a distinguished parent about the development of his son's cricket.—*Cricketer.*

War effort. Carol Hill, who dances an Indian dance in *Chu Chin Chow*, used to have black hair down to her waist. She cut it off, now sells artificial eyebrows made of it for 1*s.* 6*d.* a pair. Money goes to the Red Cross.—*Evening Standard.*

There comes a moment in the Englishman's life when he suddenly throws tradition and book-talk to the winds. When that happens he becomes the best critic in the world, merely because his eyes have been opened and he keeps a cool head—*Melody Maker.*

Defendant stated in a shop that Baldwin and Chamberlain had sold the country and should be shot. Mr. Blades, K.C., maintained that there was no evidence to show that alarm was caused. If defendant had stated that Baldwin and Chamberlain had been shot, instead of should be shot, there would be a cause for alarm and despondency.—*Daily Worker.*

An organist whose duty it is to play frequently for weddings at a Bolton church has for some time refused to play Wagner's so-called "Bridal March." At one recent wedding he explained to the bridegroom that he objected to playing German music, and especially that of Wagner, in wartime, saying the fact that Hitler is fond of Wagner's music was sufficient to make him dislike it. The bridegroom was a British soldier, and he replied that he would consider it an insult to have "such stuff" played at his wedding.—*Bolton Evening News.*

Town of Missing Men
Cheerful Wives.
—Headlines in *Sunday Times.*

Fishing in a local stream the day before the visit of the King and Queen to Canford School, the headmaster caught a three-pound brown trout.

He offered it to the Queen, who was very pleased to accept it, and carried it back to London with her. It was put in her car and wrapped up in the *Bournemouth Times*. She probably had it for her dinner that night.

A cat may look at a King, but it's a lucky brown trout that gets eaten by a Queen.—*Bournemouth Times.*

A big boom is coming in the British dressmaking business now that many of the leading Paris firms have been driven out of business. Some of the best-known Paris fashion house chiefs have managed to get to England and will shortly be setting up their establishments here. London is now likely to become the world leader of fashion.—*Sunday Graphic.*

JAPAN'S QUICK-CHANGE GOVERNMENTS

To change a Government in the midst of a war should mean either a renewed effort to gain the victory or an impending collapse; but in Japan changes are so frequent that other reasons must be taken into consideration. With each change, it is true, we hear of a "more vigorous prosecution of the war," or of "the incident," but as the spasmodic bursts of Japanese military energy seem to have little relation to these changes, we must suppose that in part the declarations are intended for home consumption. There is a singular contrast between the reasons set forth for the resignation of the Yonai Cabinet and the personnel of its successor. We were told of the greater effort than ever, and we are presented with a mild civilian Cabinet in which the portfolios are held by respectable and successful gentlemen but all of them undistinguished and none of them politicians or men of proven leadership.

With regard to the resignation of the last Government, we were told quite openly that it was brought about because the Ministers for War and the Navy refused to support it any longer. This is a common enough cause, but it is seldom openly stated. The Premier has no voice in the selection of the Defence Ministers, whose position is seldom affected by a change of Government—a fact which gives the key to the weakness of the Japanese system, the Services enjoying control without having to display it. Spectators outside Japan might be inclined to think that the taking of the Premiership by the "liberal" Prince Konoe was an indication of moderation and of the civil authority getting the upper hand; but those who have followed recent events can be under no such illusions. Prince Konoe endorsed Japan's worst atrocities in China and promised to beat China to her knees and break the spirit of resistance. Whatever be the reasons for his being set up again, they certainly have nothing to do with capacities for leadership, for this elegant *fainéant* has none. More emphasis was, it is true, laid on the necessity for better and more complete organisation of the "home front" than on beating those too persistent Chinese, but, so far as can be seen, the new departmental Ministers are not men who are likely to do anything spectacular.

To this generalisation there is one notable exception—Yosuke Matsuoka, the new Foreign Minister. It has often been remarked concerning Japanese who in their early years cross over to the United States, that they lose the most attractive Japanese qualities and acquire the least pleasant characteristics of the Pacific coast. Mr. Matsuoka is an example of this rather disturbing transformation. But he is not merely a "tough." His abilities are so outstanding as to command respect among his countrymen, who generally dislike the "tough" type extremely. His connection with the management of that vast enterprise the South Manchuria Railway has furnished better scope for his abilities than the consular service or the Assembly of the League of Nations. As Foreign Minister he will be a suitable compeer for Hitler or Mussolini, and a successful one until his bluff is called.

Official careerists like Mr. Arita have been so successful in persuading European and American diplomatists that Japan cannot at present be prevented from riding roughshod over their rights in China or even from treating their citizens outrageously that it is clearly unnecessary to put Mr. Matsuoka in the Foreign Office for any further exploits in this direction. But there are at present choices of aggressive policy open to Japan, which may be broadly divided into concentrating on the conquest of China, postponing further activities till later, or, as an alternative, clearing up foreign influence in the China seas—a policy, that is, of seizing Indo-China, Hongkong and the Netherlands Indies. The latter would be bolder and more spectacular, and there is such an opportunity now as can hardly be hoped for again. Mr. Matsuoka, like Mr. Arita, has been interested in China rather than other countries, but he has had both European and American experience and does not profess to admire those continents greatly. In the Japanese Services there is no unanimity regarding the direction which aggression should take at the moment. The navy is more for the spectacular policy, and would be glad to increase its prestige in the eyes of the nation, which is growing rather weary of the army's inability to conclude the war in China.

The earliest Japanese thunders against General Chiang Kai-shek moderated considerably when it was found that it took more whiffs of grapeshot than they had at their command to send him scampering. As time went on, the previously implacable Konoe offered "generous" peace terms which only required recognition of Japan's puppet administrations and even hinted that Chiang Kai-shek's "co-operation" would be acceptable. Since then a further plan has been under discussion at the Japanese Foreign Office. It rests on an old plea—that China's Government has never been "effective" throughout the geographical domain hitherto recognised. Some theorists in international law support the idea that, where there is no effective Government, anybody is at liberty to set one up, that Japan has done this in East China and Chiang Kai-shek in West China, so they should recognise each other, and recognition by the world at large would naturally follow. Up to the present Chiang Kai-shek has not shown the slightest inclination to agree to any such settlement—which, indeed, has not yet been squarely put to him. But now the Chinese silver is surrendered, the foreign municipalities have submitted to Japanese co-operation, Hongkong confesses itself impotent, Indo-China is fearfully obedient to Japan, and Britain has agreed to betray China "for three months only" by closing the Burma road, and has hinted that it would be a good thing if an agreement between China and Japan could be reached. These things might well incline Chiang Kai-shek to close with a firm offer which would still leave in being a Chinese State more extensive and populous than any other single State in the world except Russia. Japan would then be free to follow the more spectacular and potentially most profitable policy. This is all on a speculative plane, but it has been considered in the councils of Japan.

A. MORGAN YOUNG

SILENCE!

"I HOPE," said Carlyle, "the English will long maintain their *grand talent pour le silence*." Carlyle was the supreme chatterbug on the virtue of silence, and I am sure that, if he were alive, no man would have grieved more sincerely over Mr. Churchill's announcement that the Silent Column is to be allowed to pass into innocuous desuetude. Here he would have seen a whole nation compulsorily silent at one moment and, the next, with its lips unpadlocked and permitted to jabber like foreigners in the days before the dictators. Not that there was much need of the Silent Column to impose silence on the community. One of the conspicuous differences between this war and the last is that in 1914 strangers talked to each other everywhere like brothers, and that in 1940 strangers sit as mum in each other's company as though the issue of the war depended on their holding their tongues. That, at least, has been my experience in railway trains. I have scarcely exchanged a word with anyone in a train for months—except the old sea captain who, as he filled his pipe, said to me: "If your number's on a bomb it will get you," and laughed heartily. The silence of the Continent seems to have infected even these remote islands. I myself am chary of imparting to strangers such vital information as that Mr. Churchill is Prime Minister and that Germany has a considerable air force.

This silence, it seems to me, should do us good. Continence, it has been said, is strength, and of all forms of continence one of the most highly commended by the wise is continence of speech. Lamb wrote excellently on the subject in *A Quaker's Meeting*. "For a man to refrain even from good words, and to hold his peace," he declared, "it is commendable; but for a multitude, it is great mastery. . . . There are wounds," he went on, "which an imperfect solitude cannot heal. By imperfect I mean that which a man enjoyeth by himself. The perfect is that which he can sometimes attain in crowds, but nowhere so absolutely as in a Quaker's Meeting. Those first hermits did certainly understand this principle, when they retired into Egyptian solitudes, not singly, but in shoals, to enjoy one another's want of conversation." In railway trains we are certainly learning to enjoy each other's want of conversation to-day.

There are some people who regard silence as so essential to victory in the war that, when in the country, they refuse even to tell the way to a passing motorist or cyclist. The other day, for example, I heard a motorist asking the way to St. Albans and, when the countryman he addressed told him quite recklessly what he wanted to know, the charming woman in whose garden I was sitting called out imperatively: "Don't you know you're not supposed to tell the way to strangers?" She went on to expound her theory that, if a motorist asks you the way now that all the signposts have been taken down, the proper thing to say is: "First to the right, and ask again." If everybody did this, she declares, German spies would be kept driving round and round in circles. Better still, she thinks, it would be to re-erect all the signposts but in the wrong places, so that a German parachutist landing near Southend would think he was a few miles from Redruth, or landing near Brighton would learn from a signpost that he was two miles from Manchester.

There are people, I think, with whom love of silence almost amounts to a vice. I once knew a man who, if out walking and if anybody told anything interesting—which means scandalous—about a fellow human being, would look round apprehensively and mutter: " Walls have ears." I have always believed this to be a fantastic misstatement about walls, invented by a man who hated good conversation. That this hatred is common is shown by the way in which talkative barbers are constantly held up to derision. I confess I like a talkative barber; I like to hear his views on politics, cricket, horses and life in general so long as he does not get excited about them and in his excitement all but clip the top of my ear off. I have even a soft spot for a talkative dentist who, as you sit with your mouth open awaiting the rape of the hidden forceps, talks to you caressingly about the roses and delphiniums in his garden. Who would care to have a tooth drawn by a dentist born dumb who could speak only with his hands? I cannot imagine a more ghastly experience.

There is a horror of excessive silence, indeed, as well as a horror of excessive noise. Consider what it would be like to live in the country if every beast, bird and insect—and the very leaves on the trees—were silent. How one would long for the chirp of a sparrow, the grunt of a pig, or even the ping of a mosquito! Silence can be one of the most terrifying of things. I remember a small boy once telling me how he had been chased round a square at night by foreign-looking men who wanted to kidnap him for purposes of dissection, and that what scared him most was the fact that the feet of the foreigners, as they ran after him, made no noise. A completely noiseless world—it is a nightmare of the imagination. Better squeaking shoes or clattering jackboots than feet that make no noise.

The chief object of conversation, I imagine, is to prevent a silence that might become intolerable. In what agonies human beings feel if, when introduced, neither of them can think of a word to say to the other! As a small boy at a party I so dreaded these silences that I used to creep upstairs and sit among the men's coats and hats till it was time for supper. What at the age of eleven can one say to a girl whom one does not know? If one can dance, one can ask her to dance, but, if one does not dance, one can only stand staring into vacancy, red with misery. Even at my present age, I feel awkward if I cannot get other people to talk. I have more than once gone out for a walk during a week-end party with a fellow guest—usually a clever fellow, too—who would not commit himself beyond a " Yes " or a " No." If I had been a monologist, I should have been in Paradise; but, as I prefer to leave at least half of the burden of talking to other people, I felt as if a vein in my forehead were cracking under the strain. I would rather be bored by garrulity than be driven mad by silence. To my mind, human beings should, for the sake of the happiness of the race, be taught to talk young—to talk rot, if necessary, but at least to talk.

It is one of the virtues of the inn that it sets men talking. The Silent Column may have invaded the railway trains, but, so far as my experience goes, it is a teetotal column and has eschewed the village inn. " Fine day," " Nice rain "—how sweetly the greetings fall from mortals gathering for beer! How agreeably the stranger expands and turns autobiographer! During the week-end in a village inn in Hertfordshire I met a pleasant young man who discoursed to me on Europe and expressed his regret that he knew so little of it and, indeed, had never travelled except for one short holiday in Paris. " I didn't know the language," he said. " I liked the *vinn rouge*, but I don't know why—I always called it vinn blank. 'Course, I saw all the sights. Went up the tower, and, when we were at the top, I saw a building—the Church of the Sacred Heart or something—and I said to my pal, 'We must go there.' 'Course, we couldn't explain to the taxi-man where we wanted to go; so we went into a picture-postcard shop, found a postcard of the church, showed it to the taxi-man, and he understood at once. He took us along the bank of the Rhine—you know the way the Rhine flows through the middle of Paris—and I don't know what he charged, for I never could make out French money. Still we saw all the sights—Cromwell's tomb and everything. The drinks were a bit queer. I remember one day my pal and I had six or seven Grand Mariners and I began to feel a bit sick. So, after that, I had six or seven cream de ments to keep down the stomach. We went to the Moolin Rouge, and wasn't I feeling tight? I called up a waiter and told him I was tight, and what could he do for me. He brought something black in a bottle, poured it into a glass, and then something else, and then some soda water and said: 'That'll make you sick, and then you'll be all right.' After a bit, I felt sick and went into the place where a woman was sitting on a bucket upside down and charged me something like a penny. I wasn't sick that time, but, do you know, she charged me another penny when I went back again. Six or seven times I went back to that place without being sick, and she charged me a penny every time. I felt wild and told her so, but she didn't understand English. The French are funny about money. They'd skin you."

As he said good-bye to me I thought: " How good it is to live in an even partially talkative country! Silence may be golden, but speech is radium."

Y. Y.

AN AMOROUS CONVENTION

It was Monday, June 3rd, 1940, a day of radiant skies and sombre news. Denied the solace of war work, we sought a refuge from oppressive thoughts in Ken Wood Park, taking sandwiches so that we might not be the slaves of any time-table. While She entertained, with fragments from our meal, a mob of sparrows, some chaffinches, a thrush and a robin, I wandered away to the lakes, hoping to see or hear rarer birds in the surrounding trees. I heard a wood wren, not a common bird so near to London, but no other bird of note. There were several small broods of wild duck on the water, with jealous mothers who quarrelled violently when their broods got mixed, but made common cause against an unsuspecting moor-hen who crossed the line of fire I was watching them with idle amusement when I noticed a commotion in the water close to the bank beneath some trees to my left. I thought some of the little ducks were dabbling under the bank for snails or other food, and, idly curious, moved towards the spot. Then I saw that the disturbance of the water was caused by a multitude of fishes.

I approached the spot cautiously; but caution was wasted: the fishes took no notice of me at all. They were packed closely together, hugging the bank along a distance of about twenty yards. Nowhere else could I see signs of any similar assembly or disturbance. By their slender build and shape, I judged them to be dace; but they might have been roach, to which the sluggish water of the lake would be more congenial. It is not easy to distinguish the one from the other in the water, especially water that is far from limpid. They were mostly small, from four to six inches long I thought—but length, also, is difficult to judge in the water. A few larger fish could be seen among the mob. All of them were dashing about madly, and, as it seemed, aimlessly in a mad riot of movement which kept the water in a boil, and they jostled one another so closely that, every now and then, one of them would be thrust to the surface and sometimes be turned clean over on its back before it squirmed back into the melee.

It did not take me long to realise that, by a stroke of luck, I was witnessing a spawning festival such as I knew to occur but had never seen. I crouched low on the slippery bank and peered into the water; I could see on every root of the trees eggs like little opalescent beads. I picked a piece of dead stick from the water and found it thickly covered with the eggs. The fishes took no notice of me, even when I reached into the water, so absorbed were they by the ecstasy of mass reproduction and a frenzy of movement which seemed to have neither rhythm nor design. As I examined my piece of stick there arose from it a smell, at once sickly and gross, in which the familiar odour of fish played only a minor part.

By all accounts the spawning assemblies of the group of fresh-water fishes to which the dace and roach belong last for several days. So, the next evening, I visited the place of assembly again. There was not a fish to be seen. Evidently I had witnessed the last phase of the spawning concentration. The only trace of the event of the evening before was eggs in thousands, or it might have been millions. I cut off half a dozen fibrous roots festooned with eggs, made a parcel of them with wet grass and a newspaper and took them home. I kept them that night in a bowl of water, and, the next morning, I took them to the Zoo, where they were suspended in a small tank of water in the insect house. From the water in which they had lain for the night came that same unpleasant smell which had assailed my nostrils at the time of collection.

On the following Saturday afternoon I again visited the lake. The eggs at the Zoo were not showing any signs of development, and, as they should hatch within a fortnight or less, I wished to see whether those in natural conditions were making progress. On the bank I encountered a lad with a tin full of water and a small net. I asked him whether he was a naturalist. He modestly disclaimed the title, but said he was interested in the life of the water and had hoped to catch a few fish. " You should have been here last Monday," I said, " and you would have caught as many as you pleased." " I was here," he said; " but I had no net and could not catch them with my hands." I told him I had been in the same case, and explained to him that he had been watching a spawning assembly. " Wait," I said, " I will get you some eggs." I crouched over the bank looking for a likely root. To my amazement, I could not see an egg where, four days earlier, I had seen thousands. On the roots of the trees where the eggs had been were little light-coloured streaks like scratches. Searching more closely, I found a few eggs scattered here and there, and was able to get the lad a piece of root with, perhaps, a dozen eggs. The bulk of the mass had vanished.

I walked round the lake to the far end where was a great patch of yellow water lilies. As I reached them I heard a familiar sound—a sound of sucking. It was repeated from many points within the patch. And I knew, as nearly as one can know, what one has not actually seen, what had become of the eggs. That sucking noise came from many eels taking, perhaps, other eggs, or, it might be, the larvae of water-bred flies, from the stems and leaves of the lilies. And those scratches on the roots of the trees were made by the sharp teeth of the eels scraping off the eggs. So I shall not see a host of little larval fishes in that corner of the lake, and, as the eggs at the zoo, ill-suited, it may be, by pellucid and chlorinated tap-water, have not hatched and show no sign of development, I shall never know for certain whether my fishes were dace, or roach, or some other fishes of the group.

MORYS GASCOYEN

POISONED SWEETS

ONE day after the *Blitzkrieg* started, I had to go out to an east-end suburb of Paris to see a chap about some petrol. There had just been an hour's air-raid warning; and thinking I might find the results of bombing in that direction, I dodged the traffic in the Rue Lafayette at something a bit more than my usual speed. At the Porte de Pantin, while the police who guarded the Paris exits looked at my papers, I spotted a suspicious cloud of smoke rising from behind the houses farther on.

"Have they dropped any bombs here?" I asked. "*Mais non, il n'y a rien du tout*," said the *agent*. "*Il ne faut pas avoir peur. . . .*"

Speeding along the straight mile that follows the railway to Pavillons-sous-Bois, I began to feel that something unusual had happened, all the same. People were standing at their doors in groups, some looking upwards now and then, while others seemed to be waiting for something to go by. The fluttering white flag of an ambulance, heading for Paris at high speed, seemed to promise an explanation; but the ambulance rushed past me empty. Then I met a long convoy of the Paris buses that had vanished from the streets some days before. They were the good, new buses, big and fast and now wearing an air of conscious national importance as they boomed along, keeping good station 20 metres apart at 30 m.p.h. They were full of refugees from the east, but it was not this convoy that held the attention of the crowds.

At the cross-roads before Livry-Gargan I found something new. People were moving slowly about in twos and threes, looking for something on the ground. There were so many of them and they searched so gravely that I pulled up to make inquiries.

"What's the matter?" I asked a man in shirt-sleeves. "Has everyone here dropped a franc or something?"

This failed to amuse; the man answered me sharply. "*Mais non*," he said, "*mais non, Monsieur*. They're not looking for francs. They're looking for the poisoned sweets that those swine who've just gone over scatter to murder our children."

Poisoned sweets? The story sounded familiar—familiar, yes, and phoney, too. One had heard it in Spain, in the frontier towns, in France and Belgium years ago. I had never believed it, feeling that the enemy must be after bigger game than this; but here were people who not only believed in poisoned sweets but were grimly searching for them.

Another man took up the tale. "Not only do they drop poisoned sweets," he insisted, "but I have just found one, five minutes after they passed. *Oui, Monsieur*. It was lying in the road just in front of my garden when I came out after *they* had gone. I gave it to a gendarme and he's taking it to the police station now."

"What was it like?" I asked him.

"It was just like a stick of liquorice," he said promptly. "It even had the wrapper on it with the French name—you know, FRAN in a diamond-shaped frame, printed on the paper. *Ah, les salauds!*" He spat, looked angrily upwards and moved away. . . .

Rumour lies, I reflected, but strictly local rumour is often true. Workmen, moreover, are usually right about things within their immediate range of interests, once you can get inside that wall. I had made inquiries at Livry-Gargan before, especially once after a riot in the market, and I knew and respected the local spirit. It was there that a fat Communist bricklayer with whom I often talked afterwards gave me a description of Napoleon that I shall never forget. "Napoleon," he roared over his glass of Pernod, thumping the café table with a huge red fist, "*Napoleon n'était pas le génie qu'on a prétendu, car en somme il n'a pas créé grand'chose; mais c'était un officier remarquable. . . .*"

At the police station I sent in my press card and soon found myself in the presence of the Commissaire. I explained that I was passing through Livry-Gargan and found people looking for poisoned sweets that they said the German airmen were dropping. This, if true, seemed to deserve wide publication.

"Who told you that?" asked the Commissaire sharply.

"I don't know who they were, *Monsieur le Commissaire*. Just a crowd of people at the end of the road. But they swore the Boches dropped poisoned sweets, and one of them said he had just found one."

Satisfied of my *bona fides*, the Commissaire relaxed and smiled.

"*Pour moi*, it's all nonsense," he told me. "The fact is this: some months ago the rumour about poisoned sweets went round. We had to take notice of it, because after all, you never know, *hein?*—and with the Boches, it's always the *coup de vache* you have to fear. Besides, it keeps people quiet if the authorities take some action or other. So we issued a notice that anyone who found anything suspicious, and especially sweets, on the ground after an air raid was to bring it here. Let me show you my collection."

The Commissaire pulled out his keys and unlocked a large cupboard in the corner. Inside were shelves, and neatly arranged along the edge of the top shelf were perhaps twenty sweets of all sorts and sizes, each with a slip of paper showing the date when it was found.

"That's the result of three months' hunting by the people of Livry-Gargan," said the Commissaire, still smiling. Then he grew more serious as the philosopher who lurks in every Frenchman came to the fore.

"*Remarquez bien*, Monsieur," he continued, "that some of these sweets may be poisoned for all I know. But I had some analysed and the results were always negative. And we must not forget, Monsieur"—here the Commissaire's forefinger and thumb met precisely—"we must not forget that children are inexperienced creatures who have not yet learnt the art of managing their property like *hommes d'affaires*. They leave things about, their toys and their sweets especially. In Livry-Gargan, as you must know, there are not many toys for the children; not many playgrounds either. So the children play in the road and on their parents' doorsteps. There are therefore many sweets on the ground in this *commune*. Moreover, Monsieur, let me tell you as an old detective that if *you* drop a franc piece in the roadway and take the trouble to look for it, you will find a whole lot of things that will surprise you because you have never looked before. . . ."

At this moment there was a knock at the door. A smiling gendarme entered, holding an elongated object which he laid on the Commissaire's desk.

"*Voilà, Monsieur le Commissaire*," he said. "A poisoned sweet, just sent in by a man who found it near the cross-roads after the Boche planes went over."

I held out my hand for this treasure.

"May I look at it?"

"Certainly, *si ça vous amuse*."

It seemed an ordinary stick of liquorice, rather softer than usual from the warmth of the gendarme's hand. I peeled off the paper, which had FRAN in a diamond-shaped frame duly printed on it. I always hated liquorice myself, even as a small, forgetful being, but this sample smelt no nicer and no nastier than the stuff had always smelt to me.

The Commissaire and the gendarme watched me quietly, the Commissaire with an air of scepticism that applied as much to my investigations as to their object; the gendarme, who clearly had humour, with amusement.

Well, I thought, there are occasions when one should keep a sense of proportion, even in judging one's enemies. In wartime, especially, a blow struck for common sense may be worth a lot of heroics. Here goes for common sense, anyway.

Glancing, with a touch of malice, I fear, from the Commissaire to his policeman, I tore off the last of the wrapper, bit a half-inch off the end of the stick and began to chew. As I did so I tapped my breast pocket and said:

"My address is in here."

The Commissaire was startled. He turned quickly to the gendarme. "What's that?" he demanded.

But the gendarme, forgetting discipline, let out the finest guffaw it has been my pleasure to hear for a long time.

"*Il dit*," he shouted, "*que son adresse est là—s'il tomb eraid! Ah, ça, c'est pas mal! Ah, ça, alors!*"

The liquorice was beastly, but harmless; its taste stayed with me all the afternoon. My petrol-selling friend tapped his forehead when I walked into his shop, still sucking the last of it. But my Communist bricklayer, who came out of the *bistro* next door just then, greatly approved.

DAVID SCOTT

INDEX

AN Index to Vol. XIX is in the course of preparation and will be ready shortly. It will be sent to Postal Subscribers free of charge on application; and for 1/- post free to other readers. The Publisher, NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

A FINE FILM

"The Grapes of Wrath," at the Odeon

In a dictionary of This English a section might be given to parrot words. There is no phrase, however retiring, that can't be made to look silly for a while. "Tonic" is the journalist's word of the moment. All leading articles are "tonic"; if a dramatic critic goes to the theatre and has a laugh, then the play is "tonic"; and an onion that made one weep would be tonic, I imagine, too. Hats off to Pangloss. On one of the landings at the Odeon there is the announcement: "No one is depressed in this house and we are not interested in the possibilities of defeat. THEY DO NOT EXIST." Now this seemed appropriate enough a week or so ago, when Miss Shirley Temple was treading the clouds of technicolour, but the *Blue Bird* has been succeeded by a blast of reality: *The Grapes of Wrath*, a film in the class of *Kameradschaft*. As everyone knows now by reading the notices it gives a remarkable picture of a sunk community—the Oklahoma sharecroppers pushed off their ground by big business and wandering across America wherever the rumour of work draws them, with the promise of some remote land of milk and honey. And how does *that* match with symphonic lights, leopard-skin seats and the adjuration to us all to become ostriches? One result of seeing *The Grapes of Wrath*, I hope, will be that we, too, will show ourselves a little less ready to bury our heads.

For something over two hours John Ford succeeds with this film in opening our eyes wide. We have had glimpses of a lost America before. In *Petrified Forest* a petrol station on the edge of nowhere gave us a hint of isolated lives and desolate landscape; but the effect was artificial, the scene was intentionally dramatic. If the gangster with his bodyguard and the writer with his sorrow had not turned up to start a flare of interest, that corner, too, would have been missed. The spectator was all the time aware that he was a spectator—an excited one, it is true, but with an eye on the background and the feeling "I should like to see more of that, when the arc-lights have gone." *The Grapes of Wrath* raises no such disparity; the arc-lights have gone. A whole layer of living and tract of country are revealed, and though we get to know one family very well indeed in its trek across a continent, that family in no way differs from countless others which come and go on the screen and the story might as well be theirs. There is no change of tone when the view widens. One of the most impressive scenes in the film is the truck-camp, where a half-starved community are herded in sheds for the fruit-picking at a starvation wage. Every detail rasps: the barbed wire fence and the cops with guns, the stream of new arrivals in the dusk, the harried unfocused look on an old woman's face as she gazes from a doorway, the children nimble but silent. A dog's bark in the distance makes each detail twice as piercing.

I have stressed one scene in a crowded and dramatic story because in any other film it would have been incidental, but here, by its quality of realism, becomes essential. That realism startles us from the first shots of the share-croppers being driven out of their rotten dwellings to the end when they are still driving crazy piled-up trucks thousands of miles away in Arizona. The exploitation of the very poor, men who have lived for years on the land sent adrift by the arrival of the tractor, the fatal alacrity with which the cops spring out on the side of the bully and invisible business man, dumb resistance to overwhelming evil—these are the lines one's thought takes as one leaves the cinema. America as well as Europe has its roads lined with refugees. There is very little in the film about the causes of this tragedy; the exploiters seem as remote and unapproachable as authority in a tale by Kafka; but at every turn the goad is there and it is unquestionable. Two of the characters begin in the end to "figure things out" for themselves, but it is only prophetic, a sketch for rebellion. Implicitly, though, the lesson is clear and *The Grapes of Wrath* records a phase of class-war as plainly as *All Quiet* caught the war on the Western Front. *The Grapes of Wrath* is the sort of film that the Bolsheviks might have made *before* the Revolution burst. It is, indeed, comparable only, in its acting and the sweep of the scenes, to such epics as *Potemkin* and *Mother*, and to a very few films produced outside Russia like *Kameradschaft*. No doubt because of this—because one or two truths about the structure of society are conveyed as forcibly as the detail of hungry and squalid lives—a warning has been inserted at the beginning, telling us that the events to follow are due to "economic causes beyond control." Beyond control! That's just the point. And *The Grapes of Wrath* leaves us in no doubt where that situation is likely to lead.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Women Aren't Angels," at the Strand Theatre

Drayton and Hare, once you have found them together, are as linked, as inevitable as Laurel and Hardy. True, their setting is limited, and we can't imagine them perched on ladders or piano-tuning or marching side by side in the Foreign Legion. Pals is hardly the word for this relationship; they are the "business friends" whom years of association have failed to bring closer. A stockbroker's office might find them sitting in different rooms or they might be the ill-assorted partners in a firm of hymn-book publishers or corset makers. Whatever the circumstances, Drayton would be leading the way to horsiness, Hare would whisper a churchwarden's warning. Even in baldness they are leagues apart, and Drayton's cranium reveals an eighteenth-century gentleman without his wig, while Hare modestly retains his fringe. Their disparity produces some golden moments in *Women Aren't Angels*, when a week-end in a "danger area" drives them into every conceivable tight corner. Police cross-question, evacuees descend, wives threaten, and of course—with several pretty women springing out of the night like mushrooms—there are never enough clothes to go round. Mr. Vernon Sylvaine has supplied these situations with dialogue twice as funny and twice as irrelevant as usual; yes, even the transformation scene, when pyjamas and khaki skirts have hastily changed hands, is funny. *Women Aren't Angels* is, in fact, the best farce we have had since the war. Everyone in a cast of over a dozen gets a chance and takes it. And we are even tempted to go a second time to study the atrabilious shades of Drayton's acting, and Hare's milk-and-water oaths.

"Boy Meets Girl," at Warner's.

"Broadway Melody of 1940," at the Regal.

Both these pictures are gay, rattling and alive with shop. *Boy Meets Girl* is a film about making a film, and most of the scenes are taken on and off the set. "Story conferences" bring the characters suddenly together at the oddest hours of the day; Indians or trumpeters are always on the doorstep waiting for the director's nod; telephones buzz, doors slam, ideas sprout; and in the midst of bustle James Cagney, as a story-writer, preserves his own tireless repertory of burlesque, and Marie Wilson, expecting a baby, is the most irresistible daisy-eyed nit-wit in Hollywood. She gives one quite a new idea of the wonder of motherhood. "Happy" (this is her baby born to stardom) attains to even greater fame than Rin-tin-tin, and his mother can realise at last her dream of going to high-school. What happens, more or less, doesn't matter: this is the sort of thing Hollywood can do on its head and do admirably.

Broadway Melody of 1940 is Fred Astaire—restless, with a crooked smile, trying out steps in his walk, tap-dancing down flights of stairs and over tables, spotlit on floors of gleaming ebony. It is frankly a picture of a show, more sumptuous than any provided by Mr. Cochran. Much of the time (the camera swoops and turns almost as restlessly as the dancers) we are watching Astaire and his partner (Eleanor Powell), fascinated by his lithe invention and the inspired typewriter of his heels. Miss Powell is not a Ginger Rogers, but she dances excellently. If a justification were needed for modern dance music, it would be enough to say that it has provided material for these tangible reveries of Mr. Astaire's. The tunes in this case are by Cole Porter.

The Goupil Salon, New Burlington Galleries

In the large New Burlington Galleries, the Goupil Summer Salon is more expansive than ever. Here there is room for half a dozen works each by such characteristic Goupil lions as John Nash and R. O. Dunlop. Among the 250 odd pictures there are many new names, but few, if any, innovations in the way of paint. Less diverse than a society or club exhibition like the London Group or the New English, the Goupil style includes English landscape from the near impressionism of Fairlie Harmer, Ethel Walker, Beatrice Bland, to near pre-Raphaelitism of C. W. Swiny's *June 1st*. Flowers and distant views are everywhere. Ethel Walker has an atmospheric picture of a nondescript Yorkshire valley with a calf in it; Eleanor Best has a lovely sea piece, almost certainly influenced by Miss Walker. Some of the most individual pictures are by Asphodel Fleischman. (As will have been already noticed, there are many more pictures by women than by men in the Goupil Salon.) Brook Farrar has some consciously post-Corot works, the most successful of which, *Les Moulins, St. Philbert*, is brilliant in its way, while one of Eric Hiller's three impressionistic woodland scenes comes off very well. Among the water-colours, for the most part slight or mannered in the contemporary taste, there is one remarkable and finished work, *In the Midlands*, by William Roseblade, recalling Daubigny and the Barbizon school. This painting will be criticised to-day for exceeding the degree of finish and realisation attributed to the water-colour. In this company it stands out like a monument of romantic feeling modestly and sincerely carried out. On the whole, however agreeable it is admitted to be, this is a lightweight show. And anyone who can recall how the French Masters looked in these rooms a few years ago must feel, for all the grace and intelligence here displayed, a lack of depth and a lack of passion.

Modern Photography at Marx House

Year by year one sees an increasing technical perfection brought to photography; the short cuts grow shorter, yet there are fewer great practitioners of the art to-day than there were when it was first discovered. Ever since its invention, a hundred years ago, certain photographers, Octavius Hill, Julia Cameron, Nadar, and in this century, Atget, have succeeded in stamping their subject-matter with the full weight of their temperaments. This gift is rarity itself, but there are one or two exhibitors in the excellent display now at Marx House who show at least one of the qualities shared by their great predecessors, the possession of the tragic sense.

Bill Brandt gets straight to the core of the reality of an industrialised world, of life on the dole, in a series of magnificent documentaries. One peers down at an angle into a slum backyard in Jarrow where the family are huddled together in scabby confinement beneath the clothes-line, a rotting saucepan full of scum hanging on a decaying wall, a broken kitchen chair, a ruined tub . . . an intolerable picture of a miner's child standing in a sunken yard where nothing but the upturned rim of an enamel basin holds the light. He shows, too, a furious photograph of a Spanish beggar gesticulating against a sun-bitten building. All this is first-rate, and is, together with the work of E. T. H., photography with a vengeance, in every sense of the word.

A series of pictures from the New York World Fair have an infinitely remote and faintly morbid interest, being as distant in time and feeling from us as, say, the Paris Exhibition of 1900, and just as artily Nouveau, principally displaying bulging tritons in an imitation of Carl Milles' most buxom manner. The photographs above them of the Moscow All-Union Agricultural Exhibition have, despite their calculated ideality, a contrasted freshness and wholesomeness; in them the cow figures prominently, the cow glimpsed on parade as well as immobilised in high-relief—but mercifully the cow lactific and not the *maquillée* glamour-cow of Hollywood. The Zulu photographs of John Goldman are of exceptional beauty and all are tinged, one cannot always say why, with the tragic sense. It is this difference which distinguishes them from the stills of Basil Wright's lovely film, *Song of Ceylon*; the Sinhalese here seem a little too fruity and plump, as though too touched by a sort of *confort bourgeois.* The Africans are superbly unselfconscious. There is a head of an old man whose blazing, bitter eyes have seen everything; another of a warrior in a sheepskin hat which looks as though it were made of spun-glass, and seen among raised spear-heads like a sea-flower between blades of coral. There are youths dancing, with the plumes on their arms and knees eddying like smoke, breaking out like spray. The camera gives the exact grain, the definition of each skin.

Here and there the Photo Beautiful rears its distressingly commonplace head, as exemplified in the landscapes of Anthony Panting and Howard Coster; and into the same category fall the atmospheric, romanticised studies of F. A. Flaherty, where Aran Islanders glower through a Celtic fuzz, all engaged on registering peasant emotions with a dogged determination that reeks of the midnight Kleig. Yet this photographer shows also a picture of a woman laden with sea-weed and silhouetted on a rocky ledge against a halo of spume, the texture of which reminds one of early Vuillard, a photograph of haunting intensity. Curtis Moffat's colour-photography (shades of Braque and Man Ray) is unimpressive.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, July 27th—
- S.C.R. Week-end Conference, Subject: "Youth in the U.S.S.R.," Ambassadors Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, 4. And on July 28th.
- Dolmetsch Festival Concert in aid of British Red Cross, Haslemere Hall, 3.
- Miss Grace Colman: "The War and the Standard of Living," Andrew Campbell: "Social Organisation and Economic Reconstruction After the War," 12 Gt. Newport Street, W.C.2, 4 and 6.30.
- "Dear Octopus," Adelphi.
- "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Open Air, Regent's Park.

SUNDAY, July 28th—
- Piano Recital by Clifford Curzon, Neighbourhood Theatre, 3.15. Also Concert on July 29th at 8.

TUESDAY, July 30th—
- "Thunder Rock," Globe.

WEDNESDAY, July 31st—
- Concert of Harpsichord and Violin Sonatas by J. S. Bach, St. George's Church, Bloomsbury, 8.
- "Cottage to Let," Wyndhams.

THURSDAY, August 1st—
- "Margin for Error," Apollo.

FRIDAY, August 2nd—
- Benefit Concert in aid of the funds of the London Philharmonic Orchestra, Richard Tauber and Joan Hammond, Queens Hall, 8.
- Socialist Medical Association Meeting, Subject: "The Casualty Services," Speakers: Drs. G. Shirlaw and K. Sinclair Loutit, Conway Hall, 8.

SATURDAY, August 3rd—
- Opening of the Fabian Summer School, Dartington Hall, S. Devon. Full particulars of subjects and speakers from Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

Correspondence

REFUGEES

SIR,—On July 4th two refugee youths in whom I am interested were deported overseas with as much luggage as would suffice for a week-end visit, no overcoats, and, so far as I know, not a shilling in the world. They were engineer apprentices possessing Auxiliary War Services permits as they had been engaged on Government work, and plenty of employment could have been found for them. Both were in the "C" category and were boys of quite unusually high character. Many other young men in the "C" category were also sent abroad at the same time, including a boy of sixteen taken from a Public School and shipped off without a word to his parents, although they had previously received a letter from Sir John Anderson's secretary to say his case was being favourably considered. All were sent to Canada.

On July 10th the Under-Secretary of State announced in the House that between six thousand and seven thousand prisoners of war and internees had been transferred to Canada, "and the categories sent have been, in priority, prisoners of war, Nazi seamen who had been interned and rank as civilian internees, internees who had been interned for security purposes, single men in category 'B' and particularly those who took no objection to going. So far as possible, therefore, we have sent to Canada the most dangerous classes of internees, and where we had had to make up the number, we had selected single men under the age of 50 and in preference those who expressed the wish to go."

So I find to my horror that my young friends, who had expressed no wish to go to Canada, have been sent away together with many other innocent persons with a batch of prisoners labelled "dangerous." The Canadian Government has never shown itself particularly sympathetic towards refugees and understands even less of their circumstances than our own Government. What sort of treatment are these "C" refugees going to receive in the Dominions and what will be the position of those placed by the tribunals in the "B" class who should have been given "Cs"? As all the dossiers are in London, how is the Canadian Government, even if we credit it with the best intentions in the world, going to distinguish between Nazis and anti-Nazis, those of good character and those of bad, among their prisoners? Would it not be possible to have photo-copies made of the records of refugees in the Home Office on the same principle as that adopted by the Bank of England for making films of its records, and send these documents to Canada? This is quite a simple and inexpensive matter and can easily be done.

In any case, who is responsible for the welfare of internees in Canada? According to information given in the House of Commons on July 10th, refugee internees are not prisoners of war, and therefore, presumably, not under the protection of the International Red Cross, which safeguards the interests of war prisoners.

It haunts the mind to think of these hapless youths and young men, shut up in prison camps for six or eight weeks, then wrenched without warning from England and friends and shipped across the sea without even their coats to a country known to be unfriendly to their race, a Home Office label "dangerous" hanging round their necks.

80 Antrim Mansions, EILEEN LEACH
N.W.3.

SIR,—On Friday, July 5th, we received a letter from an interned refugee—a friend of long standing, who had made his home with us from March, 1939, to June of this year—asking for a few things (soap, razor-blades, socks, etc.) to be sent to him. The parcel, dispatched to him next day (together with a second posted a week later) came back to us this morning (July 19th). Laconic scrawls "Return to sender" and little pink labels with the legends "Free" and "No charge to be made for delivery" were on each. This treatment is stupid, wasteful and causes pain. Is there any real reason why the friends and relations of our recent guests and Hitler's enemies may not be told what has happened to them? At the moment we should be glad even of the official confirmation of what we suspect, that our friend from whom a single communication has been received in four weeks, has been sent to one of the Dominions, without a chance of getting into touch with us, or receiving any of his possessions. Could not a few official instructions be given for people like ourselves about the conditions governing internment camps? How to send letters, parcels, etc.? Surely such information would do much to restore general confidence in the authorities and to relieve the distress of many English friends of internees. JOHN HAMPSON

Four Ashes,
Dorridge, Birmingham.

SIR,—I should like to express my thanks to THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for giving voice to the "sense of guilty humiliation" that so very many of us feel, when we see how those opponents of Hitler are treated who sought refuge with us.

One thing has, however, yet to be said. It has to be made clear to the public what internment means. People are inclined to think of internment as, at the worst, a passing inconvenience, no more. I saw and heard a good deal of its results in the last war, and I have never been able to think of internment nonchalantly since. The mental effects of prolonged internment—especially upon intellectual or sensitive men—are always grave and sometimes disastrous. My friend, Dr. K. E. Markel, knew, I think, more about internment camps than anybody. He told me of an intellectual friend of his—a man of vigorous personality—who proposed to himself to take up the dropped threads of various hobbies and studies during his internment. He thought he would thus be able to pass his time quite pleasantly. After three months he was wavering, after six his powers of concentration were gone, and later he felt himself drifting towards a mental breakdown. On the Isle of Man I met a young Englishwoman whose German husband had been interned. At one time he had had the chance of repatriation. She did not wish to go to Germany during the war, nor did she wish to be parted from her husband. She persuaded him to stay. "I bitterly regret that I did," she said, "for he is now quite childish." In another camp I was told of a worse case. Everywhere the mental disintegration was evident, though it did not, of course, usually cause pronounced mental collapse. I think, however, that in a large number of cases the men would never be quite the same again. "We are simply rotting away," they wrote from one camp. These were all "good" camps. "We do our best for our men here; they don't at all the camps," said a young Lieutenant to me. More was said that I will not repeat.

These brief recollections will be enough to suggest some of the mental results of internment. What are the causes? Imagine yourself crammed with, say, thirty unchosen partners in a single hut. There is no chance of privacy, and therefore no chance of concentration. Imagine this going on for many months—even years. General fraying of nerves will inevitably follow. A sense of futility, the memory of useful enterprises from which one is torn, a rankling conviction of the stupid injustice of it all combine with the feeling of being caged, which has so grave an effect upon the modern man. A young Englishman went with me to one of the best camps. "This is a dreadful place," he said to me, as we came away. He had sensed the oppression that can permanently lame creative minds. HAROLD PICTON

Letchworth, Herts.

SIR,—Mr. Cadbury's experience of conditions in prisons where internees are confined is comparatively happy. In Pentonville Prison, the weekly visit (at which I don't think we can grumble since the internees in camps can receive no visits at all, as far as I can discover) is limited to fifteen minutes, takes place in the " box," as I believe it is called, that is in a kind of cubicle with a thick, glass plate separating visitor from internee, and making it necessary to raise the voice in order to be heard, and must be in the hearing of a warder. Another, perhaps lesser hardship, but which must nevertheless be considerable in some cases where Germans or Italians know little English, is that the interview must take place in English.

No one who has not tried it can imagine the wretched and humiliating sense of being punished—God knows for what!—produced by that greasy, glass partition.

Mr. Cadbury mentions that letters are limited to two in and two out per week. My experience is that only one letter weekly of limited length could be written from the prison. As to the initial period of ten days before a visit is permitted—it was a month before I received my first letter from my husband or before he could receive one from me—and another week before I was allowed to see him.

I do not doubt the goodwill of the prison staff at Pentonville, who showed both myself and my husband courtesy and consideration within the regulations. But these regulations, as Mr. Cadbury points out, are part of the punitive system. Surely it should be possible, with a little imagination and good sense, to put a man or a small staff into each prison with the necessary qualifications and authority to deal with questions relating to internees on an entirely different basis. RUTH

"FIFTH COLUMNISTS"

SIR,—Will you help me, if not to extirpate at least to discover the latest meaning of this repulsive tag? There are people who do what they can to help the enemy by betraying secrets, cutting telephone wires, blowing up bridges, persuading soldiers and sailors to mutiny or desert and such like activities: these are properly described as "traitors" and are occasionally shot. There are others who happen to hold political opinions different from your own; these, I think, may be the people you mean when you speak of "Fifth Columnists."

Clearly a man's "war aims"—to use another unpleasant phrase—may, and sometimes must, be conditioned by his political opinions. You, yourself, have described this war—correctly in my opinion—as a war for Socialism: you cannot be surprised if those who happen not to be Socialists (three-quarters of the population, say) feel their ardour cool appreciably as they read your words. Last week I had the privilege of spending the day with one of the most eminent of social philosophers and publicists alive; and he demonstrated, by what seemed to me unanswerable arguments, that the only weapon which could destroy Nazism was a European revolution, succoured and perhaps controlled by Moscow, while the only way in which such a revolution could be brought about was by making ceaseless war on Germany. When we had won, or partly won, the war, Russia might be counted on to win the revolution. With his customary honesty and acumen, he admitted that to compass his ends considerable sacrifices would have to be made, e.g. the destruction of about half the population of Europe and of things which I for my part, consider far more valuable. To achieve his aim—a European or, preferably, world-wide revolution—he was prepared to make these sacrifices. Also he admitted, most fairly, that there were people—patriotic people—who did not desire a bloody revolution, and that they, too, were prepared to make sacrifices for their ideals: they might even sacrifice the glorious hope of hanging the Führer. Are these, perhaps, the people you have in mind when you speak of "Fifth Columnists"? If so, I beseech you to try again. After all, the attitude of these people is intelligible and no wise disloyal; and, anyhow, it would be a poor thing if the statesmen of the Left could find no better label to stick on their opponents than a vague neologism translated from the Spanish of Franco. CLIVE BELL

[Reference is made to this letter in Critic's diary.—ED. *N. S. & N.*]

FREE SPEECH

SIR,—For years I have laboured under the impression that the strength of a democracy lay in the free expression of opinion; but it seems I have been wrong.

A headmaster in the county in which I teach, and presumably all headmasters in the county, have received an inquiry from the authorities inviting them to report on any members of staff whose political opinions may be considered "subversive." The inquiry was secret; as far as is known, in only one school in the county did the Head inform his staff that he had received it.

The consequences of the enquiry will be unfortunate to schoolmasters and schools. Headmasters, mostly decent men who respect and trust the men under them, are to become spies; they will lose the confidence of their staffs; and the spirit of co-operation between Heads and staffs will largely disappear.

However, the conditions of service of schoolmasters is not the only question raised by this inquiry. It is symptomatic of a far wider issue. One has wondered whether freedom of speech itself is not regarded as *vieux jeu* by the authorities, when old men of 74 and ignorant workmen are punished for expressing thoughts which most of us entertain during moments of depression; and one wonders now whether this attempt to spy on schoolmasters and limit their freedom of expression has been accompanied by similar snooping in other professions, in business houses, factories and shipyards. If it is, this pale imitation of a Gestapo, prompted ostensibly by fear of Fifth Column activities but in reality by a desire to stop legitimate criticism, will produce nothing but exasperation with a short-sighted official attitude, because the best people to deal with Fifth Columnists are the people equipped to do so—the Police.

Let the officials crawl back into their pigeon-holes, and allow ordinary folk to discuss, criticise and get on with the job of winning the war. TUTOR

FRANCE AND THE COMMUNISTS

SIR,—I have spoken with Gollancz on many platforms and always reached some measure of agreement. May I therefore say a word on the present controversy?

The Communist Party holds that the enemy is Capitalism, which wages a class war inside each country, exploiting labour power, and shutting down on forward movements that threaten its domination. Externally the class war is waged by throwing workers into the struggle to acquire or to maintain empire, the expression of capitalist rivalries. The Communist Party maintains that these are twin aspects of the same class war, that Capitalism seeks to maintain its hold on exploitation at all costs, and that one of the costs it is prepared to pay is the independence of one capitalist group from another. Hence one group will appease, unite or submit to another, but will not hand over its power to the workers. Hence Austria, Czechoslovakia, Spain.

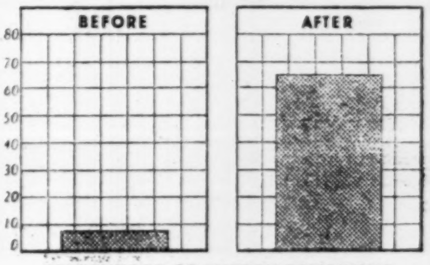
Mr. Gollancz presses the differences between these two aspects of the class war, holding that one section of the capitalist class is inherently more dangerous to the workers than another, and that by supporting the one against the other, the side supported will rather allow the workers to achieve control than submit to its rival.

Only the logic of past history can decide which of these is the better guide to action, but past history must not be distorted in order to support our preference. It is clear, however, that the supporters of the one line must regard those of the other as undermining the prospects of success. Mr. Gollancz, for example, holds that the French Communist Party were largely responsible for the over-running of France.

Now during the years leading up to the present war, both he and the Communist Party sought to preserve the peace of Europe by mobilising progressive forces against war, against armament loans to Germany, and the sale of war materials to that country. They asserted that the Capitalisms of the West were doing this in order to direct the war into a German Soviet war. These were actions by Mr. Gollancz and the Communist Party in defence of British and French workers. The Popular Front drive was part of that same defensive policy. Nevertheless Chamberlain and Daladier remained in power internally, and appeased externally; and both Mr. Gollancz and the Communist Party saw the nature of the appeasement as based on the assumption of a German Soviet war. Unprepared for a war in the West, therefore, Chamberlain and Daladier took the first step towards the defeat of France. The second and more immediate step was taken immediately before and after the Czech appeasement.

PROOF THAT 'SANATOGEN' NERVE-TONIC FOOD GIVES YOU 58% MORE ENERGY

It is one thing to make a claim: another to prove it. Every claim made for 'Sanatogen' is scientifically accurate, backed by the reports of research workers and clinicians.



PERCENTAGE OF ENERGY REMAINING

Eminent doctors applied the famous Scheiner Test to a number of indoor workers. They found that six hours' continuous work left them with only 8% of their normal energy. After a *fortnight's* course of 'Sanatogen' the workers were again tested under precisely similar conditions. This time, 66% of energy remained. *This proves conclusively that 'Sanatogen' gives you 58% more energy.*

If you are working 7 days a week you need 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food 7 nights a week

The Registered Trade Mark 'SANATOGEN' applied to Nerve-Tonic Food, denotes a brand of casein and sodium glycerophosphate chemically combined by Genatosan Ltd., the proprietors of the Trade Mark.

Have you tried COFFEE FLAVOURED 'Sanatogen'?

SHADOW OF THE SWASTIKA

by Lloyd and Vinogradoff

'This book will rank as a textbook of a new form of art, and how history-in-the-making can be dramatized.'

EIGHT FULL-PAGE PHOTO-MONTAGES

demy 8vo 5s 196*pp*

the bodley head

DESPATCHES FROM FINLAND

EDWARD WARD

These famous despatches with much supplementary material and a personal introduction. ILLUSTRATED 7*s* 6*d*

ABDUL HAMID

ALMA WITTLIN

A vivid biography, which throws much new light upon its subject.

ILLUSTRATED 12*s* 6*d*

AMERICA WAS PROMISES

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

A new and important poem by one of America's most distinguished poets. 2*s* 6*d*

THE CHEMIST'S WIFE

PEGGY WHITEHOUSE

'An admirable novel of considerable subtlety.' JOHN O' LONDON 7*s* 6*d*

THE STORY WITHOUT AN END

BEATRICE MAYOR

'An exquisite and most unusual piece of writing.' NEW STATESMAN 7*s* 6*d*

We have to remember that Capitalism in waging its wars does so in a Capitalist way. In detail, it arms for profit, and not efficiency. Can we suppose for example that the French and British Governments gave their scientific and technical experts financial *carte blanche* to decide whether the Maginot Line was invulnerable, when it did not extend to the coast? The fullest use of scientists is not a matter that stands to the credit of Capitalism even during war. Having handed over the Poldi Works at Kladno in Czechoslovakia where the AKC4 steel was produced that protected the huge tanks that broke through the French lines, are we to suppose that the British and French Governments immediately in all haste gave their scientists financial *carte blanche* to "waste" money on the fullest defence against these tanks? The political and financial policy that stood behind this was surely responsible for opening the door wide to the German advance. The logic of appeasement, and the inability of British and French Capitalism to mobilise its science and technology, and its resources generally, quickly enough, ran their course. These are only typical of the fact that the French workers had already been sold to German Capitalism, consciously or unconsciously does not matter, before the war began. In the light of that it is simply fantastic to lay the blame on the shoulders of the French Communists who had spent their energy exposing precisely this policy.

There was one final step necessary, and that was to ensure that Capitalist class domination would be maintained. For this it was necessary to blame the French collapse on the shoulders of the most advanced section of the workers, in order to discredit it in the eyes of their comrades. That is the final card. Must Mr. Gollancz play it? H. LEVY

[Mr. Gollancz will no doubt answer for himself, but we must point out that he nowhere suggested that the Communists were responsible for the collapse of France.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

MUSIC IN WARTIME

SIR,—What is public money? Mr. Priestley states in your issue of July 13th that the London Philharmonic Orchestra has received "not a penny of public money," and a week later, Miss Glasgow, by giving details of Pilgrim Trust assistance to the Orchestra, appears to refute Mr. Priestley. A closer scrutiny of the facts may interest your readers.

The guarantee grant which was made by the Pilgrim Trust to the L.P.O. early this year came from funds created by an American millionaire, Mr. Edward Harkness, and can only be regarded as private money, even though publicly administered. In fairness to Miss Glasgow, it is true that since that time the Government has allocated £25,000 to the Trust, to be used in stimulating musical activities in Great Britain, but as the first grant of £1,000 to the L.P.O. is not yet exhausted—owing to certain restrictions upon its use—not one penny of the new Government grant has come our way.

Mr. Priestley's statement is, therefore, perfectly correct, and I can only hope that subsequent use of the Government grant will make it impossible for Mr. Priestley to repeat his remark without incurring the charge of being, this time, wide of the truth.

The London Philharmonic Orchestra.
THOS. RUSSELL, Secretary.

THE U.S.A. AND THE FAR EAST

SIR,—In your article on "The Prime Minister and the Foreign Office" in your issue of July 20th you say:

> American public opinion will declare itself outraged by the British surrender to Japan, but it should also turn its attention to the arms traffic which flows to Japan, not from Britain but from the United States.

In this connection you will be interested to learn that I have received from New York a cable stating that the William Allen White Committee for promoting aid to the Allies is urging adoption by the United States of the following gradual programme:

(1) Controlling export of war materials to Japan, including iron, steel, copper, scrap-metal, petroleum products and motor vehicles.

(2) Imposing additional duties upon imports from Japan, especially luxury goods like silk.

Although American public opinion has already expressed itself strongly against furnishing war materials to Japan, American business interests have continued to supply that country with about 80 per cent. of her essential war materials, most of the balance coming from the British Empire. It is vitally important, in my view, that this fresh effort to curb the supply of war materials to Japan from the United States should be seconded by similar action on the part of Great Britain. Ominous reports are current, however, to the effect that as part of the Far Eastern appeasement move Japan is to be given increased facilities for obtaining essential raw materials, including iron ore, oil, cotton, copper and nickel, from various parts of the British Empire.

H. J. TIMPERLEY

23 New Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

ERSATZ

SIR,—Our attention has been drawn to an article on page 791 in your issue of June 29th, which refers to the fact that the prevalence of "ersatz" articles in Germany has led to a remarkable growth of the glass industry in that country. I understand that the information given was derived from an article in the *National-Zeitung* of Basle, of June 5th.

Although it was not so stated, the implication of your article might be taken to be that such things as glass pumps, valves, handles and so on have never been made in this country, and that it needed German genius, prompted by wartime necessity, to solve the problem. Actually, most, if not all, of these articles, and many other "substitute" articles, have for years been made in England, which is as well equipped as Germany for glass production, whether considered from the standpoint of raw materials, plant, or technical knowledge. Glass bricks have been made here for some years. So has glass silk and glass wool. There is, in fact, little that is new in this German glass development, except perhaps the fact that shortage of other materials has compelled Germany to turn to glass as a substitute at an earlier date, and on a more extensive scale, than has so far been necessary here. Even here, however, the war is having its effect, and there are signs of a growing demand, and an increasing ability to supply, substitute articles of glass from British sources. It would be regrettable if your article were to give the impression that Germany can make articles in glass which we cannot, when such a state of affairs does not exist.

GEOFFREY MARCHAND,
Director.
Glass Manufacturers' Federation.

Orleans,
New Barnet.

I BELIEVE

SIR,—Mr. Joad's reply to my startled comment on his review of *I Believe* is a fine illustration of the roguish echolalia so characteristic of him. In his review he censured me for ignoring "the happiness of duty"; now he admits that I recognise it, but says he does not believe in it himself. In his review he alleged that I held the belief, which I in fact expressly repudiated in my essay, that Christianity is responsible for the kind of cruelty we associate with Puritanism; now, beginning with the graceful phrases, "in *re* Christianity, Puritanism, hatred of the flesh, and the revolt alleged to have been falsely attributed by me to Mrs. West against the latter," he explains that he himself holds this deplorable and completely unhistorical belief, and that he thinks I must, for the extraordinary reason that I have pointed out that Puritanism often takes a purely secular expression in the belief that poverty improves the character of the poor. I do not, however, regret either Mr. Joad's review or his letter. I have often envied Mr. Joad's public for the world of surprise and delight that lay before them should they ever themselves read the works on which Mr. Joad writes and lectures. If I have drawn the attention of some of your readers to the existence of that world I shall think myself well repaid.

REBECCA WEST

15 Orchard Court,
Portman Square, W.1.

HORIZON

SIR,—May I point out that the extract from *Horizon* given by Leonard Woolf in his excellent article is from the number published on April 15th before the *Blitzkrieg* and gives a false impression away from its context? The controversy has gone much further since then. Artists and writers are, of course, all in the war now, but it still remains, like the Alps, obstinate and recalcitrant material.

CYRIL CONNOLLY

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

MIKHAIL YUREVICH LERMONTOFF was born in the year before Waterloo and was killed in a duel twenty-seven years later, a year after the publication of the novel which brought him fame throughout Europe. The extraordinary duel in the last chapter but one of *A Hero of Our Own Times* is said to have been exactly prophetic of the manner of his death. Lermontoff had declared through his chief character that life was a bad imitation of a book; but the episode, if true, looks like some carefully planned Byronic legend. A very good translation of the *Hero* (Allen and Unwin, 7s. 6*d*.) has now been produced for Lermontoff's centenary by Eden and Cedar Paul. As much praise cannot be given to their introduction, which is irrelevant and inadequate. What have the Varangians, the Old and New Russia, Mr. and Mrs. Webb and the emancipation of women to do with Lermontoff? There is a little, but very little, about Pushkin, nothing at all about Byronism; to make up for this we get lines on the changed Russian attitude to subject peoples and a delicious and rather nervous reminder (an echo of those apologetics which at one time had to be made for the ideological misbehaviour of pre-revolutionary Russian literature) that "the beauty and fragrance of the rose of love are more than sufficient compensation for the thorns." Eden and Cedar Paul appear to be emerging with caution from the period when it was heretical to suggest that there could be thorns on the party members' roses.

A Hero of Our Own Times belongs to that small and elect group of novels which portray a great typical character who resumes the fashion and idiosyncrasy of a generation. Pechorin, the "hero," is consciously a Russian Byron. He is cold, sensual, egoistical, elegant. He is neurotic, bored and doomed. Only one passion is unexhausted—and this is the making of him—the passion for personal freedom. He is the cold, experimental amorist celebrated by Pushkin (I quote Oliver Elton's translation of *Eugeny Onegin*):

> Men once extolled cold-blooded raking
> As the true science of love-making:
> Your own trump everywhere you blew . . .
> Such grave and serious recreation
> Beseemed old monkeys, of those days . . . .

Pechorin becomes the slave of perpetual travel, and finally fulfils himself not in love but in action. Byron goes to Greece. Pechorin becomes the soldier of the Caucasus who plays with life and death. He drives himself to the limit, whether it is in the duel on the edge of the precipice down which his absurd rival in love is thrown; or in the dramatic bet with Vulich where he draws a revolver and puts sixty roubles on the doctrine of predestination; or in the final episode when he goes in alone to collar the Cossack who has run amok. In its greater actors the Byronic pose of weariness is balanced by love of living dangerously in action, and here it is interesting to contrast the character of Constant's Adolphe with a man like Pechorin. Adolphe also is the imaginative man who loves from the head and then revenges himself secretively and cruelly upon the strong-minded woman who is devouring him and with whom he is afraid to break; Pechorin, more histrionic and less sensitive (more Byronic, in short), loves from the head also but takes special care to avoid strong-minded women. He possesses but is not possessed. He prefers the weak and yielding who respond at once to cruelty and whom he can abandon at once. Faced with the strong-minded, Pechorin becomes a man of action and makes his getaway. Readers of *A Hero of Our Own Times* will remember that Pechorin dealt with the determined duplicity of Taman, the smuggler's girl, when she took him out in her boat on a moonlight night, by throwing her into the sea. What would not Adolphe have given for such decisiveness? What could he not have given for that Byronic ruthlessness in action, who knew only the cool vacillations of the mind. Of the two characters Pechorin's is the more arrested and adolescent. He has not Adolphe's sensibility to the tragedy of the imagination. He does not suffer. Pechorin is sometimes a 17-year-old sentimentalist who blames the world:

> I have entered upon this life when I have already lived it in imagination, with the result that it has become tedious and vile to me. I am like a man who has been reading the bad imitation of a book with which he has been long familiar.

But perhaps the main difference between these lovers of freedom is merely one of age after all. Pechorin-Lermontoff is young; Adolphe is the creation of an older man. Pechorin says:

> Now I only want to be loved, and that by a very few women. Sometimes (terrible thought) I feel as if a lasting tie would satisfy me.

Adolphe would have been incapable of this naïve Byronic jauntiness; but he would have raised a sympathetic eyebrow at that first hint of nostalgia for respectable marriage.

That, however, was not a solution which Russian literature was yet to permit its Pechorins. Press on to the middle of the century and we find Turgenev's Rudin, all Byronism spent, and with no exciting war of Russian Imperialism to occupy him, conducting a love affair as heartless and disgraceful as Pechorin's with Princess Mary and very similar to it. But Rudin is reduced to the condition of an heroic rootless talker with no corresponding performance. Byronism, with its roots in the Napoleonic wars, was a fashion which fortunately could give the best of its followers something to do. For the maladjusted and the doomed there were duels; even better there was always a war and the cause of Liberty. The poseur of Venice attained some dignity at Missolonghi; and the sentimentalist of the Caucasus, reviving new trouble with an old mistress, and in the midst of the old trouble with a new one, could feel the heady contagion of that half-savage passion for freedom with which his enemies, the Tartar tribesmen, were imbued.

Scenery is one of the great rivals of women. The officers and visitors at the garrison town of Narzan spend their time drinking the waters, making love, scandal-mongering and playing cards; and into this gossiping frontier outpost Pechorin brings something like the preposterous coldness, austerity and violence of the mountain scene outside the town. The coach arrives, he yawns, stays a night, throws his diaries to a friend in lieu of a renewal of friendship and drives on, another Childe Harold on an eternal Grand Tour of the battle-fronts. The *Hero* is not one of the calculated, constructed, and balanced books of maturity; its virtues and defects are all of youth. The book appears to pour out of the Caucasus itself. It is one of those Romantic novels in which a place and not a woman has suddenly crystallised a writer's experience and called out all his gifts. "I was posting from Tiflis"—that opening sentence of Lermontoff's classically nonchalant prose, takes the heart a stride forward at once. Like the traveller, we step out of ourselves into a new world. True, it is the fashionable step back to Rousseau, for the *Hero* is nothing if not modish; but who does not feel again with Lermontoff, as he gazes at the ravines, breathes the rare, crisp, savage air and sees the golden dawn on the upper snows, the force of the Romantic emotion? "When we get close to Nature the soul sheds all that it has artificially acquired to be what it was in its prime and probably will be again some day." One is captivated by such a nostalgia, by its youthful and natural idealism and by the artifice of its youthful melancholy.

The structure of the book is both ingenious and careless. Later novelists would have been tempted to a full-length portrait of Pechorin. Lermontoff is episodic yet tells us all we need to know in what are a handful of exciting short stories rather than chapters. We first hear of Pechorin at two removes. The narrator meets a curt, humdrum officer who has known him and who tells the first story of Pechorin's capture and abandonment of Bela, the Tartar girl. Passion had ended in boredom. In the next episode, when Pechorin meets again the officer who had helped him fight the girl's murderers, one sees the Byronic mask go up at the mere hint of the "incident." After that Pechorin himself describes his adventures in his diaries. They tell, with sadistic detachment, of how he is playing with the despair of an old mistress while planning to convert another woman's fear and hatred of him to love. He succeeds. She throws over her absurd romantic lover. Which is all Pechorin wants—a victory for his vanity. He explains this quite candidly to her. And he is candid not because he is an honest man but because, of course, he is interested in himself. Equally coolly he plans that the duel he fights with her lover shall take place on the famous precipice.

Pechorin's notions are not merely the melodramatic. He is the enemy of simple, highfalutin romanticism; his taste is for the reserved, the complex and mysterious. The precipice is chosen, for example, as a masterpiece of vengeance, because he has discovered that his opponent intended to fool him with blank cartridges. The opposing faction at Narzan had perceived that Pechorin's vulnerable point was his pride; knock the Byronic mask off his face and there would stand an empty actor. Lermontoff is an expert in subtleties like this; and subtlety is the making of storytellers. In the final episode, when Vulich, the gambler, proposes to discover whether he is or is not fated to die that day, by putting a revolver to his head and pulling the trigger, the suicide is abortive. But Vulich does die that day, and in a most unexpected manner. The Calvinist doctrine of predestination in Byron's Aberdeen has become the most exotic Oriental Kismet in Lermontoff's Caucasus.

To the modern novelist, tired of the many and overdone conventions of the novel, the apparently loose and unconnected construction of *A Hero of Our Times* offers a suggestion. Lermontoff's method is to thread together a string of short stories about a central character, using an inside and an outside point of view. But before he did this Lermontoff had decided what were the important things in Pechorin's character. They were, as it happened, all aspects of Byronism. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy has said in an essay on Pushkin, that from Byron and Pushkin "men caught the infection of being defiantly themselves"; in so planning, however, they became other than themselves. They invented a simplified *persona*. It is this simplification of Pechorin's character which is both exciting and interesting. The detailed realism of the modern novel tells us far too much, without defining the little that it is absolutely essential to know. In what modern novel are the main traits of a hero of *our* own times delineated? It is the measure of the failure of modern novelists that they have not observed and defined a characteristic man of these years; and the explanation of the failure, I believe, is our lack of moral and political perceptiveness. Our novels would be shorter, more readable and more important if we had one or two more ideas about our times and far fewer characters. With characters English fiction is at the moment glutted to the point of stupor.

V. S. PRITCHETT

MAJOR POET

Another Time. By W. H. AUDEN. *Faber and Faber.* 7s. 6d.

The great merit of W. H. Auden's poetry is that it is written out of the centre of our cultural pattern. Neither narrowly local nor obsessively personal, it speaks the language of our time, and expresses, more fully than any other living poetry quite does, as well the roots and the flowers of the civilisation in which we live. That civilisation is predominantly urban and industrialised, and even the constants in it, like love and the landscape, hardly avoid those characteristics; so that the imagery of his love poetry has in it an echo of the clinic, and he cannot describe a countryside or a resort without seeing behind them the slag-heaps and the factory chimneys by leave of which they now exist. Reading Auden, even at his most obscure or his most silly, enlarges our understanding of what the life of our day is really like. His favourite mode is, it seems, the analytical, where the analysis is on several different levels; his eye is the movie-camera's eye, which moves not only in space but in time, unpeeling the layer upon layer of history, and displaying the motivation no less than the movement. At its simplest this will combine into such a poem as "The Capital" (No. 14 in this collection):

Quarter of pleasures where the rich are always waiting,
Waiting expensively for miracles to happen,
Oh, little restaurants where the lovers eat each other,
Café where exiles have established a malicious village.

You with your charm and your apparatus have abolished
The strictness of winter and the spring's compulsion. . . .

In unlighted streets you hide away the appalling;
Factories where lives are made for a temporary use
Like collars or chairs, rooms where the lonely are battered
Slowly like pebbles into fortuitous shapes.

But the sky you illumine, your glow is visible far
Into the dark countryside, the enormous, the frozen,
Where, hinting at the forbidden like a wicked uncle,
Night after night to the farmer's children you beckon.

In *Another Time* this analysis is turned with acute penetration on a number of the great dead: Housman, Rimbaud, Voltaire, Freud, Yeats, etc. The shortest of these poems are also the best, where in a few strokes the character is placed among the impulses which formed it and drove it to its particular conclusion; and one notices among them, too, the memorable, universal phrases—in the Housman, for instance:

In savage footnotes on unjust editions
He timidly attacked the life he led.

or in the Yeats:

And the seas of pity lie
Locked and frozen in each eye.

Where the poems pass over into a more difficult territory of speculation, they seem to be less successful; they are either extremely obscure still, like the poem on Pascal, or they offer too baldly simple a solution: "We must love one another or die"—when no one knows better than Auden that the ways of love are as crooked as a card-sharper's. The problem which has been engaging his attention lately—the problem which an older mythology described in terms of Original Sin and which he has indicated in the phrases "Men are not innocent as the beasts, and never can be." "Man, the only animal aware of lack of finish"—this problem still seems to be too unclear in his own mind to be stated, much less solved. We are left, for the present at any rate, with some fascinating hints and teasing phrases:

O the striped and vigorous tiger can move
With style through the borough of murder; the ape
Is really at home in the parish
Of grimacing and licking; but we have
Failed as their pupils. Our tears well from a love
We have never outgrown; our cities predict
More than we hope; even our armies
Have to express our need of forgiveness.

In the territory which he knows well, however, what is remarkable is the clarity of the language and the statements, and the new life which he has forced into traditional forms. Here might be the basis for a belief that his poetry may become what he has always wanted it to be, popular. But his deliberate experiments to that end have never really come off—the dance lyric examples here, for instance, are not a noticeable advance on, say, Cole Porter; and the three ballads which he reprints are another failure. They have certain qualities, the quick ballad movement and a sardonic naïvety, and they were funny enough sung in the author's peculiar voice slipping up into falsetto above his peculiar accompaniment; but in print they carry overtones of that undergraduate superiority which ruined the plays. The best parts of them, in fact, are those which relate most nearly to folk poetry, and this effect he now achieves as spontaneously in his serious poems as in those which are labelled "Lighter" in this volume:

In headaches and in worry
Vaguely life leaks away,
And Time will have his fancy
To-morrow or to-day . . .

Oh plunge your hands in the water,
Plunge them in up to the wrist,
Stare, stare in the basin
And wonder what you've missed.

The glacier knocks in the cupboard,
The desert sighs in the bed,
And a crack in the teacup opens
A lane to the land of the dead.

There is no technical reason why such a poem as that from which these verses are taken should not be popular; the metre and the rhythm are easy and helpful, and the symbols have reference to a world of experience common to every inhabitant of these islands. Here (and in a number of other poems in this collection, such as the Refugee Blues) the poet has gone as far as he can along the road to creating a popular poetry; the other necessary condition, the change in society which will remarry culture with everyday life, is another problem, and does not belong to him as a poet.

Another Time is certainly rather a miscellaneous collection, less sustained and brilliant than his section of the China book. The best, most of which have been published before in journals in this country, are very good indeed. But Auden is, and always will be, a very uneven poet. He cannot, to begin with, resist the small boy's impulse to throw a stone at Solemnity's window. When it is most seriously aimed, this urchin humour comes off delightfully as in the sonnet on The Fall:

They wondered why the fruit had been forbidden;
It taught them nothing new. . . .

but too often it falls very wide of its mark. Then again, the eraser is not his favourite tool; there are many lines here which (as we remember was said of another poet) a stricter self-criticism might have blotted, and whole poems which second thoughts might have excluded. But this carelessness is the complement of his fertility and exuberance and we cannot have it both ways.

Most of the poems date from before the war and it is too early to say what effect migration will have on his work. I cannot believe that it will be detrimental, for he is the least provincial of poets. The Capital of the poem quoted above might be Paris, Brussels, Budapest—or equally New York. The stuffy vertical barriers are down; even as we fall back in defence of our tight little island we proclaim it the bridgehead of a larger freedom. To-day's struggle is world-wide—and America is as much a part of it as we are. Internationalism of one kind or another is included in everybody's war aims. If one succumbed to the Philistine habit of demanding a message from our poets, one would find it in the last poem of *Another Time* which celebrates as a symbol of "the planting of human unity" the marriage of a famous Italian with a famous German exile.

T. C. WORSLEY

A PACK OF MEMOIRS

What Happened Next. By ETHEL SMYTH. *Longmans.* 15s.
Time and Chance. By HAROLD DEARDEN. *Heinemann.* 12s. 6d.
Fighting for Life. By JOSEPHINE BAKER. *Hale.* 10s. 6d.
The Trodden Road. By ALBERT MANSBRIDGE. *Dent.* 15s.
George Arliss. By HIMSELF. *Murray.* 15s.

There is no sign whatever in the last instalment of Dame Ethel Smyth's memoirs that the vigour which has always distinguished both her literary and musical work has abated with age. It is as hard to believe that *What Happened Next* was written by an octogenarian as that it was written at a time unfavourable to summoning up remembrance of things past. The explanation of Ethel Smyth's immunity to the preoccupation with the present which most of us have caught since the war came is, I think, to be found in the lines from Goethe quoted on the first page of her enchanting book:

The present as a distant dream I see,
And the dead past is now alive to me.

The wealth of vivid detail in this record of the experiences of each year between 1894 and 1908 is none the less astonishing. Ethel Smyth describes things past and people long since dead with a minuteness comparable to Proust's, yet entirely her own, of course. She is unfailingly original. It vexes me to be forced to deal summarily with a book of this quality, one with something arresting on every page, one to be reckoned among the truly great masterpieces of personal literature. Its relationship to Ethel Smyth's earlier autobiographical works is that of a finished picture to studies for it, a relationship emphasised by her having made considerable use of material she has handled before. Many pages are devoted to her struggle to win a footing in the operatic world. She writes of her setbacks with more gaiety, more tolerance than of old, betraying a new awareness that the passion and tenacity with which she fought to get her operas performed in Germany made her a nuisance to Hof-Intendants.

> When my friend, Princess Edmond de Polignac, met Count Seebach—Hof-Intendant at Dresden—in Paris, and thought to open up a pleasant conversation with that distinguished foreigner by asking him if he knew Miss Ethel Smyth, the distinguished foreigner replied that he did indeed know Miss Ethel Smyth, and that if he spied her walking in the streets of Dresden, he would leap into a *droschky*, and leave the town by the next train.

Another amusing story Ethel Smyth tells against herself is of a friend who suggested that in the interests of persons of weaker vitality she ought to carry a green baize parrot-cage cover about with her to put on when they showed signs of exhaustion. Her ability to see herself as others see her makes the revelation of her personality singularly complete. Naturally it dominates the scene, crowded as it is with interesting characters. For the first time Ethel Smyth gives a full account of her friendship with Henry Brewster. All that she writes in loving appreciation of the rare quality of his mind and spirit is confirmed by the extracts from his letters. Her sketches of people, met perhaps only once, are as good in their way as her full-sized portraits of intimate friends. Take as an

JOHN LANGDON-DAVIES
should be heard by
everyone on the subject of

FIFTH COLUMN

It was Langdon-Davies who brought A.R.P. home to Britain by broadcasting his Spanish experiences. Now he shows the best way to combat Hitler's favourite weapon.

1s. *net.*

A fine bit of work recording an epic achievement

HOME FROM DUNKIRK

Forty-six memorable and vivid photographs, and proceeds in aid of the Red Cross.

Introduction by J. B. PRIESTLEY.

1s. *net.*

John Murray

PRODUCTION
for the
PEOPLE
by
FRANK VERULAM

with a foreword by
W. H. Williams, Secry. Labour Research Department.

"Full of closely reasoned argument, logical deduction and innumerable facts . . . a valuable piece of work."—*Philip Bolsover, Daily Worker.*

"Stimulating in the extreme and well worthy of study."—*Tribune.*

Crown Octavo. 296 pages. **7/6** net.

LAWRENCE & WISHART LTD.
2 Parton Street, London, W.C.1.

"The great novel of modern China"—PEARL BUCK

Moment in Peking
LIN YUTANG
Author of "The Importance of Living"
"My Country and My People," *etc.*

Beneath the Visiting Moon
ROMILLY CAVAN
A new novel by the *author of* "Mary Cloud" *etc.*

Polish Profile
VIRGILIA SAPIEHA
"A remarkable book. If anyone wants to understand the Poland of the armistice years he could not make a better beginning than by reading it." TIMES LIT. SUPPLEMENT.

HEINEMANN

CAMBRIDGE

The Story of Natal

A man who ought not to be forgotten

Cambridge reformed

UNIVERSITY PRESS

PORTRAIT OF A COLONY
By ALAN F. HATTERSLEY
10 plates. 8s. 6d. net

The story of Natal from the middle forties to 1879. Not another book about Africa by a sportsman or a missionary, but a living reconstruction of the whole social and political life of the colony as it appeared to the original settlers. The illustrations include reproductions of old prints and photographs.

BOETHIUS: SOME ASPECTS OF HIS LIFE AND WORK
By HELEN M. BARRETT *7s. 6d. net*

In a book for general readers Miss Barrett writes of the disturbed world into which Boethius was born (just after the fall of Rome); of the great reign of Theodoric, of the subtle mind and calm personality of Boethius. She examines the problem of his condemnation, gives a full summary of *The Consolation of Philosophy*, looks into the curious question of his religion, and applies his philosophy to our own times, when innocence suffers again in the anger of tyrants.

EARLY VICTORIAN CAMBRIDGE
By D. A. WINSTANLEY *25s. net*

The Vice-Master of Trinity College recaptures the flavour of University life in the time of Whewell and Christopher Wordsworth, and brings to light the religious, political, and aesthetic disputes which shook academic society in those days. Among other things this volume deals with the foundation of Downing College and with the University Commissions.

example this sketch of the Irish composer, Augusta Holmès, who, in hatred of England, Frenchified her name with an *accent grave* :

> The first sight of her—a convalescent arrayed in a red flannel dressing-gown—was rather a shock. I had always thought of her as tall. On the contrary, she was short and fat, her red hair powdered white—who shall say why?—and her white face helped out with black, red and white, vigorously and wildly applied, as by one who could not be bothered to use a looking-glass, and preferred doing her face " by heart." In fact, the general appearance was that of a barmaid of sixty, of whom you would say: " What a curiously well-cut profile—evidently of gentle origin!" Speaking voice charming, manner very natural and frank.

I guarantee one of those rare visits from the spirit of delight to all readers of these memoirs.

As for the others, it must be said first that they are not in the same street. I mean nothing derogatory by that. Years ago I took to heart these words of Pater's: " But beside those great men there is a certain number of artists who have a distinct faculty of their own by which they convey to us a peculiar quality of pleasure which we cannot get elsewhere." It taught me not to be hard on minor writers simply because they are not major ones, and to look out for that " distinct faculty " in their work. I recognised it at once in the first pages of Dr. Dearden's reminiscences, devoted to a diary he kept during the last war when he was serving with the R.A.M.C. His account of the reactions of men of different types to the horrors of modern warfare is of great psychological interest. There were some to whom they were never a source of painful emotions. " They unmistakably enjoyed every aspect of the war. It provided them with the ideal field for spontaneous self-expression."

Dr. Josephine Baker, a pioneer of child welfare, begins well with an arresting description of her first impulse " to try to do things about hopeless situations." Dressed up for some great occasion—white lacy dress, blue sash, blue silk stockings, blue kid shoes—she went out and sat on the horse-block in front of the house in Poughkeepsie, U.S.A., where her childhood was spent, hoping someone would come along and see her in all her glory.

> Presently a spectator did arrive—a little coloured girl about my size but thin, peaked, and hungry-looking, wearing only a ragged old dress the colour of ashes. I have never seen such dumb envy in any human being's face. . . . I could not bear the idea that I had so much, and she so little. So I got down off the horse-block, and took off every stitch I had on, right down to the blue shoes that were the joy of my infantile heart, and gave everything, underwear and all, to the little black girl.

A truly Franciscan start in life. Subsequently Dr. Baker spent forty years trying to ameliorate the lot of young children in the slums of New York. This is another book I am vexed to have to deal with summarily. The chapter on the Soviet Union's system of child welfare alone deserves a review to itself. In Dr. Baker's expert opinion Russian medical and welfare workers are " quite incapable of distinguishing between the honest intention to do something, and actually having done it." Adult welfare is the theme of *The Trodden Road*. Albert Mansbridge, the founder of the Workers' Educational Association, describes his long fight to enlarge the opportunities of working men and women for acquiring a wider culture than an elementary school education has given them in their youth. His laboured style makes the narrative rather tedious reading, and while it filled me with profound respect for what Mr. Mansbridge has achieved in life, it did not convince me that he is a man " not without a sense of humour," as his publisher affirms.

The title of the last book on my list was, I imagine, chosen to assure its readers that unlike most actors' autobiographies it was not written by a " ghost." Mr. Arliss is to be congratulated on not having employed one. His autobiography would not have the same distinct quality of its own, conveying to us a distinct pleasure, not to be got elsewhere, if he had. He is most interesting when he is talking shop, discussing the difference between stage and screen technique (which he thinks is exaggerated) the methods of various American and English film directors, and so on. But he has a great talent for character-sketches. One of William Archer is brilliant. His vindication of the intelligence of film producers would have carried more weight if he had not told the following story:

> When I first did *Disraeli*, there was some question about changing the name to something more attractive. I remember suggesting that they should call it *Wild Nights with Queen Victoria*, but I withdrew the suggestion when I found to my alarm that there was some danger of its being adopted.

Mr. Arliss certainly has a pretty wit, and it seldom deteriorates into facetiousness.

Christopher St. John

PLANNING OUR FOOD

Feeding the Nation in Peace and War. By George Walworth. *George Allen and Unwin.* 18s.

Mr. Walworth has written a painstaking and exhaustive account of legislation that has affected our food between this war and the last. It is a useful record, and if one of the functions of history is to chart for the future rocks that have caused disaster in the past, the first chapter has a significant bearing to-day. For it relates how in 1914–18 we ploughed up 2½ million acres (achieved voluntarily and with no dictation of cropping), and how, in spite of failures, the newly cropped land yielded more than the average of the old ploughland over the previous ten years. Home production leapt up, bad farmers were removed from the land they misused, " back to the Golden Age of 1860 " was the cry. It all sounds very familiar.

Then came the end of the war. The newly ploughed land tumbled back to grass again; higher farming was forgotten; the sheep, so invaluable to the fertility of the land, began to disappear and the fresh life breathed into the land in wartime became a shallow memory. " Control was allowed to fall into the hands of distributive companies and financial groups, instead of utilising production organised within the wartime structure and available for re-establishment under the new regime."

In the companion chapter, the last in this 533-page book, Mr. Walworth is concerned rather with the distribution than the production of food. He is fair in his criticisms of such things as the initial reluctance to introduce rationing and the not very happy beginnings of livestock control. These matters have now been put on a sounder basis. But when Mr. Walworth talks of the unwisdom of fixing prices on average costs and two pages later implies that the State might make good losses accruing in spite of efficient production, he is surely getting into deep water. For although it is perfectly true that some will make too much and others too little with prices fixed on average costs, yet this is true of any pooling scheme on this side of Heaven. The only alternative to pooling so long as we live under a profit-making system is unplanned chaos. Moreover, " efficient production " is an even more nebulous concept than " average costs." There was a handful of farms before this war where, on account of special conditions, milk was produced at the cost of 5d. per gallon. But a very large number of equally efficient dairy farms, suited to the purpose, could not produce below 9d. It is the diversity of conditions from farm to farm that makes agriculture so difficult a figure to fit into the standardised clothes of the modern world.

In the matter of marketing boards, Mr. Walworth stresses the danger of allowing price-fixing to be left to the mercy of these producer organisations, and here many will agree with him. He demonstrates the necessity for some form of independent national control. But he does seem to overlook the fact that farmers for many years before the war had a poor deal so far as prices were concerned, and that if we want the food produced the only way to get it is to make its production reasonably attractive. It is strange the way in which the consuming public have cheerfully acquiesced in higher wages and wider margins for the middle man in the food industry and, therefore, dearer food; while any attempt on the part of food producers to bring their conditions of living more into line with modern standards calls down scornful criticism and anger. Not every farmer is efficient—there is, Heaven knows, a big educational job to be done on the land. But, as Mr. Keynes has shown, agriculture can boast a larger increase in the output per £100 of labour in recent years than any other great industry, and one becomes a little tired of hearing that it is always the farmer, and never the shopkeeper or dealer or carrier of goods, who must mend his ways.

Mr. Walworth has done a valuable service in bringing together a comprehensive record of the recent story of farm marketing. He misses the wood, at times, through the meticulous attention he gives to the trees. One looks in vain, for example, for any reference to the Empire Beef Council or the International Beef Conference, that have laid the foundations for world administration of at least one industry. Nor, in the chapter on sugar marketing, does he comment on that radical innovation in national planning whereby the State controls the profits of private enterprise, but gives financial inducement to individual efficiency.

There seems every likelihood that after this war we shall have to continue to take the home production and the distribution of our food as seriously as we are now doing. There are immense problems, particularly on the marketing and distribution side, we have hardly begun to tackle. This record of early struggles, failures and progress achieved will be of the greatest use to the growing number who are realising that this question of supplying the most primary of our needs requires urgent study.

L. F. Easterbrook

THE CHANGE OF HEART

Passion and Society. By Denis de Rougemont. *Faber and Faber.* 12s. 6d.

The Integration of the Personality. By Carl C. Jung. *Kegan Paul.* 15s.

It is singular that at this moment, when we are the hypnotised prey of political passions, a few voices should be raised—certainly with an air of being too late—to suggest that our ills are not political in origin, and that the cure lies not in a violently imposed external change, but in a revolution in the consciousness of individuals. There was Gerald Heard's *Pain, Time and Sex*; now there is Jung's *The Integration of the Personality*, and Denis de Rougemont's *Passion and Society*. These three books attempt a radical yet non-political analysis of the crisis in civilisation, and recommend a change of heart which, though revolutionary in its effects, would be, at root, religious. All three writers illustrate their theories with highly disputable historic or scientific or psychological hypotheses. But, as Denis de Rougemont points out, even if his view of romantic literature were dismissed, it would still serve as an illustration to his criticisms of contemporary morals, which should be considered in themselves. In the same way, Jung's startling attempt to establish the complete independence of the subconscious from consciousness—regarding it as a life of its own, instead of as a rag-bag of suppressed consciousness—may be regarded as a way of illustrating his views on the problems of individuals.

That serious theories about society should rest on elaborate unproved conjectures is obviously an unsatisfactory state of affairs. At the same time, one cannot just dismiss these books as "not proven," since they have much to say that may be useful to us. It is a symptom of the crisis in which we are living that sociologists have to take a jump in putting forward their remedies illustrated with faulty documentation. Books such as those by Heard, Jung and de Rougemont are, in a sense, a substitute for a philosophic poetry in a time when there is no audience which would accept a poetic mythology as "real." To-day every theory of society has to be served up with illustrations that are supposed to be based on proved facts about anthropology, or the unconscious, or science, or animals. For the contemporary orthodoxy is to accept as true only that which is stated to have been proved. Even palmists, phrenologists and astronomers have to pretend to be "scientific." Poetry is a precise use of language in which metaphors and figures of speech do not pretend to be more than they are; therefore even the most serious reader of poetry does not accept it as "real" in the way in which *The Divine Comedy* and *Paradise Lost* seemed true to its readers.

Denis de Rougemont, for example, builds up a learned thesis, beginning with an interpretation of the Romance of *Tristan and Iseult*, to illustrate his views on marriage and society. He has a very important observation to make, which he links up with the Manichaean heresy. It is that, in the modern world, passion as an end in itself to be achieved at all costs is accepted as the one value in life which gives life significance; that this is generally accepted by all novel-readers and cinema-goers; and that it is quite contrary to Christian morality. The emphasis on passion as an end in itself has important implications; it is closely connected with death, first of all as romantic tragedy (the lovers who have never enjoyed each other dying in each other's arms, etc.), and finally when death is immediately recognised as the supreme goal of passionate experience (much Fascist literature illustrates this). It is because the Fascists recognise the strength of the destructive force which "makes life worth dying," that they have so much greater success than the more sensible people who seek to make reasonable adjustments of society. Unless we try to understand the forces that express themselves in Fascist nihilism, we are likely to become more and more their victims. Denis de Rougemont's book is a courageous attempt to do so. He takes the breakdown of Christian marriage as the central symbol of the breakdown of Christian morality. It is impossible for me to sum up here the whole of his argument, but a quotation will provide a key to it:

> On the one hand, we have to-day a morality concerned for the species and the general well-being of society, though none the less bearing some impress of religion—what are called middle-class morals. On the other hand, there is a morality spread among us through our literary and artistic atmosphere and general culture—and this produces passionate or romantic morals.

Denis de Rougemont ends his book with certain recommendations, which consist really in a return to the Christian way of life. People must base their personal lives on decisions which they abide by, instead of on "a splendid experience in contrast to obedience of the moral law." We must reach a stage beyond the "tragic view of life"—a "dusty answer" at all costs. When I read advice of this kind, I am inclined, like most readers, I suppose, to think: "This is all very well, and perhaps quite feasible, but how would a personal decision of even a great many people affect the general catastrophe?" For years well-meaning people have been tormented by the feeling that they ought to do something about the great world outside their own lives, because perhaps a speech or a telegram or a Party Ticket might still save us from disaster. But possibly a situation may arise in which people will have to think and put their own lives in order, because political causes become too hopelessly lost. Then they may find that they have been forced back on to their really effective centres of resistance, instead of playing the game of their political opponents.

Perhaps the "underground" opponents of Fascism may be the people who are trying to work out a better way of life, just as much as the revolutionaries, whose methods, being those of their opponents, may become out of date. At any rate, Fascism is not just a reaction from Left-wing politics. It is also a reaction from, and an attempt to suppress, a change of attitude in the minds of individuals. Unfortunately though, the forerunners of this new life are so cut off from the masses of the people by social conditions that the revolutionary implications of the work of Freud, or Jung, or Picasso, exist, as it were, in a kind of isolation from the rest of society.

Jung's new book will come as a welcome surprise to those of his readers who may have felt that his work was becoming more and more fatalistic in relation to the political situation. Jung regards the conscious and the unconscious life as being sharply divided from each other, the unconscious being part of what he calls a "universal" consciousness which is without personality. The problem of integrating the personality is for the conscious to come to terms with the coexisting unconsciousness in the mind. Jung's view is that in cases of madness, the visions, hallucinations, etc., of the mad have nothing to do with repressed consciousness; the unconscious has simply taken over and destroyed the personality, just as some enormously powerful natural force—a volcano, for example—might take over and destroy a surrounding landscape.

What Jung really does is to explain personality in terms of a myth. This myth lacks the conscientiousness of the patient methods of Freud, but, if it makes an enormous and unjustified jump in psychological theory, it also has the advantage of freeing Jung's picture of the personality from some of Freud's limitations. Freud seems to have regarded the unconscious as buried consciousness, the burying being done by repression. Thus the deepest levels of repression were those buried in childhood, and all adult problems are forced back to this childish level. In Jung's view there are adult problems, not necessarily connected with sex, and not related to childhood, which are concerned entirely with grown-up life. Thus in his analyses of the dreams of one of his collaborators, he deals with the problems entirely as though they are contemporary to the dreamer's life at a certain mental crisis lasting for weeks; he does not view the problem as though it were a ghost of the past which the "integrated personality" was not able to lay in childhood.

I have no critical apparatus which I can bring to bear on Jung's theories. Nevertheless, like *Passion and Society*, I found much that was true and interesting in his book above a structure of scientific myth which left me puzzled. The last chapter, a serious warning to educators not to imagine that they can solve the problems of their own childhood in the lives of their children by simply reversing the mistakes of their own education, is excellent. This seems to support Jung's method because it succeeds in separating the childhood and the grown-up problems. The parent who is simply concerned to atone for his own childhood by treating his

Toasted Cheese with HŌVIS TRADE MARK TOAST makes a snack for any host and Saves Butter

Best Bakers Bake HŌVIS

Macclesfield

Our First Duty— THE CHILDREN

The War is no excuse for neglecting our ill-treated children. The N.S.P.C.C. must not curtail its National work . . . or many little sufferers will endure needless misery.

To-day, more cases of ignorant treatment and fewer of deliberate ill-usage lead to the *second* meaning for the famous initials . . .

N.S.P.C.C. NATIONAL SOCIETY for the PROTECTION & CARE of CHILDREN

Your gift will be most welcome to Sir G. Wyatt Truscott, Bt., Hon. Treasurer. Full information supplied by Wm. J. Elliott, O.B.E., Director, National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2.

child in a " different " way is projecting an unsolved problem of his own on to the child. Occasionally Jung's view of personality is crystallised in a single phrase which has the merit of profound observation : " Behind the neurotic perversion is concealed vocation, destiny, the development of personality, the complete realisation of the life-will that is born with the individual." Such a view is the antithesis of Fascism. STEPHEN SPENDER

IRISH TRAVEL

An Irish Journey. By SEAN O'FAOLAIN. *Longmans.* 12s. 6d.

Where the River Shannon Flows. By RICHARD HAYWARD. *Harrap.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. Sean O'Faolain's travel book may best be described as an extravaganza. It is a madcap mixture of brilliant observation, sardonic humour, descriptive passages of lyrical intensity and reams of hit-or-miss private speculation. Of Cork and the south Mr. O'Faolain writes as a tormented lover might write of an inescapable mistress. Choke-full of memories and early impressions, he evokes the shabby, windswept little city of the south with its new puritanic middle class, its old swarming poor. Here are excitements, local colour with a vengeance and a vivacious idiom. Mr. O'Faolain determined to visit the small Irish towns which are neglected by the tourist in order to wrest their secret from them. But he is essentially a regionalist novelist and, away from his own milieu, he trusts to glances and rapid impressions. Too often he falls into an hypnotic jargon :

> The mountains have force, and they excite. The flat land to the east lies on the mental stomach like a cold pancake, and its towns are flatulent, sour towns, as if they had never been able to digest life. The lakes add lyricism, and give dignity

Mr. O'Faolain is capable of writing in that vague way for pages. Looking at small towns through the eyes of a novelist, he tends to people them with figments of his own imagination, figures of frustration and provincial melancholy. Most of the younger Irish novelists are in romantic revolt at the moment from the new Ireland of professional politicians and Tammany organisations. They fortify themselves, rather belatedly, with Chekhov and twilight themes of frustration. Much of what Mr. O'Faolain says of small town life is probably true, but has to be taken with a grain of literary salt. Here and there will be found sharp glimpses and contrasts which give us the old and the new Ireland. Mr. O'Faolain tells us that some time ago the trees along the Mardyke in Cork were tarred by the unco guid in order to frustrate the young couples who were accustomed to embrace at nightfall under their shade. In contrast here is a glimpse of island life which brings us back to the days of Synge :

> A woman hit a man with a bar in church and drew his blood. The church had to be reconsecrated and the bishop came over specially to do it. The poor woman knelt, cast out, in the yard of the church, shrouded in her shawl while the bell rang in the high noon-day calling the whole island to the chapel. Everybody passing in saw her shame. The sermon did not spare her.

This is an original and stimulating book, but exasperating in its noisy emotionalism. Mr. O'Faolain, however, is a fearless writer and that is the most important virtue in Ireland to-day.

Mr. Richard Hayward's recent book on Ulster was a tremendous compendium of folk lore, topography and racy idiom. In his new book he is on holiday from Ulster and finds for himself an alluvial Land of Promise. There was a legend in Irish literary circles for many years that an eccentric Englishman had once made a voyage down the Shannon in a canoe. No one could vouch for the truth of the story, but much later I discovered that the stranger was R. A. Scott-James and that he had written an excellent book on his adventures. Since then, the upper reaches of the Shannon seem to have remained a forgotten hinterland until Mr. Hayward arrived with film camera and caravan. Even Mr. Hayward's good humour scarcely disturbs the calm of these forgotten green places and sleepy hollows. Clonmacnoise, which is near Athlone, is a show place. But the lake islands and banks of the Shannon are studded with little known ruins of the old monastic settlements, where legends of the Celtic romanesque age and a remote pagan past have lingered on through the centuries. It is an abrupt shock to come suddenly to the Shannon Hydro Electric works at Ardnacrusha and the new transatlantic airport at Foynes. The Shannon scheme was a magnificent gesture in the early days of the Irish Free State and Mr. Hayward takes off his hat to it. He overlooks the fact, however, that cheap electricity remains a pleasant dream and the small consumer has to pay dearly for that grand gesture.

AUSTIN CLARKE

ODDS AND ENDS

Facing the Odds. By DOUGLAS GOLDRING. *Cassell.* 8s. 6d.

The practice of classifying non-fiction under such heads as " Biography," " Travel," " Politics," and so on, is a discipline for the writer as well as a convenience for his readers. The author, unlike the journalist, has no sub-editor to restrain him, and unless he is uncommonly self-critical is apt to ramble if once he begins to roam. *Facing the Odds* is part autobiography, part pamphlet and part guide-book, and the whole is regrettably less effective than the elements that comprise it. Mr. Goldring is a man of strong enthusiasms but local interests, and is so preoccupied with the trees that he never quite focuses the wood. It is at once the vice and virtue of his book that one would have read it with equal satisfaction had it been either twice or half its present length.

The most amusing sections of *Facing the Odds* are those in which the author describes his laborious but eventually successful efforts to found the Georgian Group and save part of the Abingdon Street site from the loyal vandalism of the Primate and his Committee. As usual, the chief enemy was slothful inefficiency rather than dynamic bad taste, and the Group obtained final success by prodding well-meaning but lazy peers until, like grumblingly awakened elephants, they lent their formidable weight to the side of virtue. Thirty years earlier, when business men still believed in progress, it had not been so easy to shame the authorities into a respect for good architecture ; and in 1907 the Bank of England, despite protests from the public, the L.C.C., and the King himself, insisted on pulling down Crosby Hall, " the most perfect and complete specimen of Gothic domestic architecture of its period in London," to make room for their gigantic new premises. Mr. Goldring is an enthusiastic sightseer, and it would be easy to compile from his book a General Knowledge Paper that would defeat most Londoners. Where, for instance, is Pissing Alley? At what church is there a monument to the printers of the First Folio? Where is there a tombstone laconically inscribed " Dr. John Gardiner's Last and Best Bedroom ? " On foreign cities, however, he is less informative, and devotes too many pages to bald accounts of hotels, *pernods*, and wonderful Continental meals.

The trouble with Mr. Goldring is that (as he himself seems to admit) he is thoroughly embittered. Movingly but repetitively he

In the 'First Flight'
CRAVEN MIXTURE
CRAVEN MIXTURE
CARRERAS

Every sphere has its 'top-notchers', a small class quite by themselves. In this front rank of tobaccos, Craven Mixture stands out boldly . . . established firmly upon its inherent worth and subtle qualities . . . coolness, fragrance, *wonderful* satisfaction. Craven Mixture is unusual value for money . . . the recognition of its unvarying goodness is World-wide. This is a real tobacco for 'action' or 'leisure'

★ "ARCADIA"
. . . *immortalized by Sir J. M. Barrie in "My Lady Nicotine" is Craven Mixture.*

Double Broad Cut : Fine Cut : Extra Mild. In airtight tins : 1/10½

CRAVEN MIXTURE ★

"A TOBACCO TO LIVE FOR"

(CM93) MADE BY CARRERAS, LTD. (ESTABLISHED 1788), ARCADIA WORKS, LONDON

Recently Published

THE TECHNIQUE OF SEX

By ANTHONY HAVIL, B.A. Post paid 5/-
Written by a young medical man specialising in Obstetrics and Gynæcology, this new illustrated work is a complete guide to every aspect of sex. No other book at a similar price is as all-embracing. The contents cover—Anatomy—Physiology—The Psychology of Sex—The Sex Act—Pregnancy and Labour—Contraception—Abortion—Venereal Diseases—Prostitution—Impotence and Sterility, and is complete with a Summary and Glossary.

"Within the pages of this book is contained a survey of the Anatomy, Physiology, Psychology, and Sociology of sex. The feat has been performed by Mr. Havil in a competent fashion. The subject could not be more adequately dealt with within the limitations of a work of this size."
Cambridge University Medical Society Magazine.

LIFE LONG LOVE
Healthy Sex and Marriage.

By RENNIE MACANDREW. Post paid 5/-
The purpose of this book is to prevent or help solve some of the problems of love in men and women, and to increase human understanding.

"Its great merit consists in its straightforwardness of expression . . . its scientific simplicity. It should prove a very useful textbook." *New Statesman and Nation.*

"—eminently sensible but far from dull . . . Particularly refreshing. . . . The book will be appreciated by those who are tired of the stupidities that have been published."
Cambridge University Medical Society Magazine.

APPROACHING MANHOOD
APPROACHING WOMANHOOD
By RENNIE MACANDREW. Each 3/6 net, post 4d. Parents, teachers, religious leaders and social workers recognise the vital need of accurate books of sex instruction for boys and young men, girls and young women. These books adequately fill that need.
"In every way admirable for the purpose—simply and concisely written—pleasantly informative. . ."
Cambridge University Medical Society Magazine.

FRIENDSHIP, LOVE AFFAIRS AND MARRIAGE. By RENNIE MACANDREW. An explanation of men to women and women to men—to clarify ideas—to illustrate the differences of Friendship, Love and Marriage. . . . Many people will find it very helpful . . . . a wealth of practical hints . . . .
Cambridge University Medical Society Magazine. 5/-

Your purchase of one or other of the books described in this advertisement is not an extravagance, but a wise and profitable investment. It is impossible to measure the worth of these publications by their published price. The Health benefits, both Physical and Mental, and the Vital Information provided to you represents safe and positive dividends which will repay your investment many times over. Endorsed and recommended by the highest authorities, these books are of vital importance. Make your selection now.

WISE WEDLOCK—The Whole Truth. Over 100,000 sold. This volume is full of sane information. Dr. Norman Haire says: "I consider it to be one of the best, if not the best, of its kind available in English" 6/4

WOMAN'S CHANGE OF LIFE. An entirely practical book which will prove of inestimable value to every woman. "Modern Woman" says :—"Middle-aged women will find much to help them" ... 5/4

THE RIDDLE OF SEX. By D. J. TENENBAUM. This work gives answers to all questions concerning sex. It includes a minimum of theory and the maximum of direct physiological information ... 8/-

AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE. Fully illustrated. Vol. I. The most comprehensive work of its kind ever published in England. Every conceivable subject within its title is dealt with 15/6

FAMILY LIMITATION—The Natural Way. By D. MURRAY DAVEY. To many people, because of religious or other convictions, artificiality in the matter of Birth Control is repugnant. This new book is intended for those people. It describes in detail a proved method. 1/3

IT'S ONLY NATURAL.—The Philosophy of Nudism. By WM. WELBY. With original illustrations. In this new work the author explains the philosophy of Nudism and shows the reason of its appeal to people of a high intellectual standard 4/-

THE HEART. The Prevention and Cure of Cardiac Conditions. By JAS. C. THOMSON. The author in this book presents in non-technical language an explanation of the Natural treatment of Heart Diseases 4/-

BLOOD PRESSURE. By JAS. C. THOMSON. The how and why of low and high blood pressure and the simple naturopathic home treatment for this prevalent condition is fully explained 4/-

MEMORY EFFICIENCY AND HOW TO OBTAIN IT. By J. L. ORTON. An efficient memory is the basis of all success. This book shows you "How to memorise, How to acquire a photographic memory," etc., etc. 4/-

BETTER SIGHT WITHOUT GLASSES. By H. BENJAMIN. The author cured himself of approaching blindness, and has embodied his methods in this book ... 4/4

HOW TO OBTAIN HEALTHY HAIR. By JAS. C. THOMSON. With full particulars of the Home Treatment for Scalp Disorders, including Baldness, Dandruff, Alopecia, Areata, Falling Hair, etc. ... 1/3

All Prices include Postage.

THORSONS, Publishers
Dept. 169, 91, ST. MARTIN'S LANE, LONDON, W.C.2
Complete Catalogue Free on Request.

KRISHNAMURTI

"You want to know how and why we are in this chaos and confusion, why evils, war, miserable conditions, exploitations exist in the world. We have created them. Each individual through his own intense desire to be secure, to be safe, to be certain, has created a society, an authority, a religion, a nationalism, in whose shelter he hides and takes comfort. I am not giving a new system or a new set of beliefs, but I say: Look to the cause that has created this division of man against man."

TWENTY-FIVE TALKS (1936) WITH QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Price 3/4 (post free)

THE STAR PUBLISHING AGENCY,
29 Park Lane, Wembley, Middlesex
Tel.: WEMbley 0022

Dedicated to Hitler

A History of Torture throughout the Ages

By GEORGE RYLEY SCOTT.
Author of "The History of Corporal Punishment." 3rd Edition. 10s.

This book constitutes a terrible indictment. It presents a grim, staggering record of man's monstrous cruelty and inhumanity. It gives instances of torture existing to-day, under various euphemised names, and in all civilised countries. Its terror lies in its truth. Fully documented. Sixty illustrations.

Price 15/-. (Postage 7d.)

T. Werner Laurie Ltd., Black Friars Lane, London, E.C.4.

THINK OF THESE MEN AND HELP THEM

You can well imagine what terrible perils this War is adding to the already hazardous tasks of our Life-boatmen at sea.

Now more than ever do they need your help in pounds, shillings and pence, to maintain them in their magnificent work.

As the War at sea intensifies so the call from this Institution for your aid becomes more urgent. We know you will not fail us now—send whatever you can afford.

ROYAL NATIONAL
LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION
Life-Boat House, Boreham Wood, Herts.
The EARL OF HARROWBY, Hon. Treasurer,
Lt.-Col. C. R. SATTERTHWAITE, O.B.E., Secretary.

PURELY PERSONAL

THE Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, but King Six Cigars are smoked practically everywhere.

IN FIELD OR FACTORY 'ASPRO' IS A "FRIEND IN NEED"

Don't take the risk of your effort being interrupted or made burdensome by petty illnesses. For whether your work lies in the field or factory—in the home—or the Services, 'ASPRO' offers you quick, soothing relief from aches and pains—calm and comfort for those who are nervy or irritable. Sunglare headaches—summer chills—hay fever—rheumatic twinges—are a few of the ailments you may be up against. They are petty enough but sufficiently aggravating to mar your work or make you lie up. So it is good news to know that they can definitely be "nipped in the bud" with a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets. Carry a few in your pocket or handbag. You will be surprised how often they will prove a true friend in need to you or your fellow workers. Just take two tablets when you feel "off colour." The pain will go—the nerves will be soothed. Those out of doors will find 'ASPRO' invaluable to avert sunglare headaches, summer chills or hay fever attacks. Furthermore, 'ASPRO' has no harmful after-effects. 'ASPRO' does not work by drugging or depressing. It just soothes the nerves, relieves pain quickly but safely and, owing to its power after ingestion in the system as a fever-reducer, a solvent of uric acid and an internal antiseptic, it dispels the causes of much illness.

It means Freedom from:—
SUNGLARE HEADACHES—SUMMER CHILLS-IRRITABILITY-SLEEPLESSNESS—NERVINESS—HAY FEVER-ACHES & PAINS

NEVER AWAY FROM WORK NOW

125 Whippendell Road,
Watford, Herts.

Sirs,

I should like to express my grateful thanks for your 'ASPRO' tablets and the benefits I have derived from them.

I used to suffer very bad every year from rheumatism and had so much time away from work that I was afraid of being discharged owing to so many illnesses. Now, thanks to your tablets which I would not be without, am thankful to say that as soon as I feel the slightest twinge and take some of your tablets the pain goes.

I am never without them in the house now and never hesitate to recommend them to my friends and anyone else who has any complaints.

Wishing you the best of success for 'ASPRO.'

I am, Sirs, Yours gratefully,
J. H. CRAMPTON.

Dust—Heat and Germs cannot hurt your throat if you gargle with 'ASPRO'

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in half a glass of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsillitis, etc. When immersed in water the 'ASPRO' tablets break up into thousands of tiny particles which cling to the lining of the throat, thus exerting the maximum antiseptic and healing effect at the root of the trouble.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by
ASPRO LIMITED, Slough, Bucks. Tel.: Slough 22381.
No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO' ASPRO

PRICES 3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6

chronicles the woes of Grub Street ; furiously he lashes his hobby-horses for not having carried him farther ; bitterly he snipes at Capitalists, Germans, Old Etonian literateurs, men in black hats, and Scotsmen. It is this last prejudice that rather gives him away. Too consciously liberal for anti-Semitism but resolved to blame the wrongs of England on some recognisable minority, he follows the old literary tradition of detesting the Scots, and continually interrupts himself to denounce his King Charles Heads, "the lousy armaments profiteer or heavily bribed Scotch Civil Servant." It is a pity that a writer of Mr. Goldring's calibre should so indulge his private mania. It is true that Johnson and Peacock did the same, but then they could offer rather more in compensation.

One is tempted to hang a moral on Mr. Goldring. In style, though not in sympathies, he is related to a dying school of writers, to the Bellocs and Chestertons, the beer-quaffing, ballad-making, high-blood-pressured company of romantics in whom reaction was joined to bohemianism and feeling walked beside false sentiment. To-day, alas, the climate has become inclement ; the mode lies two wars back, and its decline is well shown in a comparison between Mr. Goldring and his great prototypes. *Facing the Odds* is an amusing, sincere, and, for all its faults, likeable book. One is sorry that the odds have become too much for it.

JOHN MAIR

"The Art of Record Buying" 1940

The enlarged 1940 edition of this indispensable guide to the best recorded music is now ready. In 138 pages it lists, in alphabetical order under composers' names, the best available recordings of over 1300 works, and contains other features of great interest to gramophone owners. Early application is advised, as supplies are limited.

1/- Postage 4d.

E. M. G. HAND-MADE GRAMOPHONES LTD.,
11 Grape Street, W.C.2. (TEM. 7166-7)

Please remember St. Dunstan's in your WILL

St. Dunstan's for soldiers, sailors and airmen blinded in war.

Donations, subscriptions, enquiries :
Captain Sir Ian Fraser (Chairman),
St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, N.W.1.

St. Dunstan's is registered under the Blind Persons Act, 1920

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENT RATES

2s. 3d. per line (or part line) per insertion. Minimum 2 lines. A line averages 8 words. BOX NUMBERS. Add 1s. All classified advertisements MUST BE PREPAID. Under present conditions insertion cannot be guaranteed. Copy should arrive not later than first post Wednesday. *Earlier will help to ensure insertion.*

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

A Postal Subscription, post free, to any address in the World costs: One year, 32s. 6d. Six months, 16s. 3d. Three Months, 8s. 6d.

NEW STATESMAN & NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1

Keep Fit in Wartime. By HARRY ROBERTS. *Watts.* 1s.

Common sense is persuasive, and Dr. Roberts has heaps of it. His advice is not intended to turn us into a nation of impossible athletes. He takes into account the degree of change—in diet, exercise, general outlook—which the average civilian in wartime will meet half-way. More exercise for the sedentary (eight miles walking a day, if possible), sparer meals for the overfed, hobbies for the harassed, fresh air for everybody—it would be hard, unless one was a crank, not to agree with the prescription and the methods by which it can be carried out. Much of this advice, as Dr. Roberts himself points out, is as applicable to peace as to war conditions ; but in peacetime fewer persons are willing to make the effort. On particular problems of the moment there are sections dealing with air-raid casualties, with the dangers of the black-out (we are more likely to suffer from continued lack of ventilation than from stepping off a kerb in the dark), with economical cookery—a very useful list of pamphlets and books is given on this subject. As important as Dr. Roberts' common sense is his wide sympathy. In his remarks on diet, for example, he stresses the fact that for many the problem to-day, as always, is simply one of getting enough to eat, and that those who have been least affected by rationing are the very poor, whose standard has never come up to it. *Keep Fit in Wartime* can be read with profit by everyone.

Week-end Competitions

No. 546

Set by Allan M. Laing

Mr. Bernard Shaw celebrates (or rather, refuses to celebrate) his 84th birthday on the 26th of this month. The usual prizes are offered for characteristic greetings from any three of the following (no total entry to exceed 250 words) : Wyndham (Tarr) Lewis, Robert Blatchford, E. C. Bentley, Damon Runyon, W. H. Davies, James Bridie, St. John Ervine, Hannen Swaffer, John Masefield, Rebecca West, "Flawner Bannal" and the late William Topaz McGonagall.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Aug. 2.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 544

Set by Thomas Smallbones

The revised edition of Liddell and Scott's Greek Lexicon (in the preface to which Sir Henry Stuart Jones, the reviser, hoped that the work might "further in some degree the restoration of the comity of nations") has just been issued by the Clarendon Press. A first prize of two guineas and a second of half a guinea are offered for a complimentary epigram on this event at this time.

Report by Thomas Smallbones

A large and level entry. A deliberate ambiguity in the phrasing left the door open for irony, although "complimentary" was there to indicate that grace would receive preferential treatment over wit. Allan Laing expressed most neatly the idea which was a kind of leit-motiv throughout the competition :

Revised Lexicon wise-tongued, benign,
You come most aptly to restore man's wit
And prove, while warring nations seek a sign,
The Greeks as usual had a word for it.

Obispo offered the best variations on another popular theme :

You offered to mankind the key
To Wisdom ; Beauty's priceless gem
Reason, and Truth and brevity
Alas it was all Greek to them.

Guy Innes's single line, "The Liddell, more and how much it is," didn't seem quite to count as verse.

I entirely failed to make up my mind about the prizewinner, hovering over first one and then another. As a final confession of weakness I recommend that the prizes should be pooled and divided between the last four of the selection I quote.

So now at long last is resolved the old riddle—
"Who built that Lexicon, Scottie or Liddell ?"
Gone with the wind are Contention's bare bones ;
Come Peace or come War naught can crumble these stones
Laid by Scottie (that's some of them—Liddell laid lots)
Though oft Scottie cried "Liddell's," and Liddell cried "Scott's"
But Old Time tells the truth which Dame Rumour postpones ;
And the truth is the builder was H. STUART JONES.

ALFRED THOMPSON

If Hitler and Musso learnt Greek
(In which, I am sure, they are weak)
Their orientations
To all other nations
Would alter—ses you—in a week.

DAVID FREEMAN

For this, Zeus and the Oxford Press we thank—
No word for "Wireless," "Aeroplane" or "Tank."

E. O. T.

TO THE DYNASTS

Captains and Masters of a world no Greek
Could live in, when you frame your last defence
Turn here for help, in this dead language seek
The living words you have not stripped of sense.

A. P. R.

Here is a book above the strife,
Revised and now recast.
It kindles to heroic life
Far more than bombs can blast.

The flower of all loveliness
Can rise from long-dead bones :
We thank therefore the Oxford Press
And good reviser Jones.

WILLY TADPOLE

When fading are our fondest hopes
Of Unity, to Nations groping
Will help appear 'twixt ἅ and ὦψ ?
Well any way, ἦρς ὤπιγγ !

C. F. RATHBONE

O ! leave awhile the *pros* and *cons*
Of tanks and armoured cars,
For wise Minerva never dons
The panoply of Mars.

And Greece whose lustre grows not dim
Now hail as you unclose
This book made for the help of him
Who *cons* its classic *prose.*

WILLY TADPOLE

We bid with Germans in the Balkans, one
Bids Lebensraum and one a Lexicon.

CHARLES FURBANK

They laughed at us, her lovers, and they said,
"We dwell in living cities, not in dead" ;
Their living cities in the grave are found ;
Aye lives the shining and the violet-crowned.

M. SNOW

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By CYNICUS

SIR KINGSLEY FAINTHEART—A MARKET RECOVERY—HOME RAILWAYS

THIS budget would be incredible if it were not Sir Kingsley Wood's. I searched the press in vain for a word of praise from the City editors. "Timid," said the *Times*, an "anti-climax" sighed the *Daily Telegraph*, "half-hearted," moaned Mr. Hobson of the *News Chronicle*, "inflation by the front door," concluded the *Financial News*. Poor Sir Kingsley! He expressed admirable sentiments but his courage failed him. Did politics, you may ask, stand in his way? If they did, he should have resigned and have told the people the truth. The fact remains that Sir Kingsley found the gap between expenditure and revenue widening and left it, on paper, even wider than it was in Lord Simon's budget. True, Lord Simon put a shine over our probable expenditure, so that when he said that 46 per cent. of it was covered by taxation, no one believed him. Sir Kingsley was certainly more realistic—putting expenditure higher by £800 millions at £3,467 millions—but after increasing income tax, surtax, duties on beer, tobacco, wines and entertainments and revising the purchase tax he covered only 36½ per cent. or £1,267 millions of the expenditure by revenue. Let us admit that Sir Kingsley's figures are more reliable than Lord Simon's. While his predecessor under-estimated expenditure, Sir Kingsley has probably under-estimated revenue — particularly the amount of tax accruals. But making all these allowances in his favour, he has merely used the existing instruments of taxation to their limit: he has laid the foundation for no new revenues.

Sir Kingsley's friends may argue that his provision for the deduction of tax on wages and salaries at source *is* something new and does lay the foundation for the compulsory savings plan of Mr. Keynes. There is some force in this argument. "Deduction at source" would be the proper machinery for the Keynes plan. But what is the evidence that the Chancellor is preparing for a compulsory savings scheme? If he were, he would have reduced the income tax exemption limit below £250, so as to bring within the "deduction at source" net a class of the community which is responsible for two-thirds of our total consumption expenditures. This significant omission creates the impression that if Sir Kingsley himself is aware of the truth, he was prevented from telling it to the people by his Tory and Labour friends in the Government. Did Labour say that he could not touch the wage-earners earning under £250 if he did not provide for a Capital Levy or treble M.D.C. on the rich tobacco and beer companies? The truth is that a gap of £2,200 millions between revenue and expenditure is too large to be bridged by voluntary savings and by drafts on semi-capital assets and that too much money is being left in the hands of individual consumers who will spend it on a diminishing supply of goods. The result will be the inflation of prices will get out of hand.

* * *

The stock market's response was like the budget itself—half-hearted. The gilt-edged market was slightly firmer, brewery and tobacco shares even improved because taxation was not more severe. Insurance shares made little or no response to the Chancellor's concession that tax on the interest income of a life insurance fund, which is earmarked and set aside for the policy holders, should be retained at 7*s.* 6*d.* in the £. This is not surprising, seeing that life insurance companies have suffered heavily from the slump in security values outside the gilt-edged market and have seen the bulk (or more) of their free reserves wiped out in depreciation. If there had been a market in the shares of the scrap merchants who are receiving a rake-off on the collection of aluminium pots and scrap metal from patriotic householders, or in the shares of slick retailers who will advance the prices of their old stocks by the amount of the new "Purchase Tax," there might have been something like a post-budget boom, but on the whole the recovery, as far as it went, was in the nature of a technical "covering" movement which may be checked at any moment by Hitler's *Blitzkrieg*.

* * *

The home railway market has been enjoying a recovery on its own, ostensibly in more cheerful anticipation of the interim dividend payments (or was it foreseeing the rejection by Sir John Reith of the traffic co-ordination plan?). The recovery was considerably overdue, for the risks of air-raid damage, which caused the recent slump, had been greatly exaggerated. A railway is far less vulnerable to bombing than an industrial concern, whose fixed assets are contained in single factory buildings. A railway track is difficult to hit and can be quickly repaired. Even if railway stations and sidings are put out of action, traffic can be diverted to other routes and earnings maintained. Nor must it be forgotten that under the war agreement railway revenues are pooled, so that if one line suffers more than another from air raids the loss is spread over all. A good opportunity now exists for investors and trustees to acquire home railway prior charges on an attractive yield basis. For example:

	Price	Highest 1938	Last ex. div.	Yield %
Great Western 5% Pref.	76½	118¾	Feb.	£6 13 0
Southern 5% Pref. ...	76	116	Mar.	£6 13 3
L.N.E.R. 4% 1st Gtd....	67	97¾	Jan.	£6 1 6

The first two are trustee securities.

AMUSEMENTS

OPERA

MERCURY, at Notting Hill Gate. (Park 5700). 8.0 (ex. Mon.) Sat., 2.30. Woodhouse—Radford—Dunn in **INTIMATE OPERA** (Carey, Sodi, Purcell, Offenbach).

THEATRES

GLOBE. Ger. 1592. TUESDAY NEXT, at 7.45 p.m. SUBS. at 7.45. Mats., SATS., WEDS., 2.30. MICHAEL REDGRAVE in **"THUNDER ROCK"**

PALACE. (Ger. 6834.) 7.30. Wed., Thur., Sat., 2.30. **CHU CHIN CHOW** All seats bookable, 2/6 to 10/6.

PICCADILLY. Ger. 4506. Evgs. at 8.0 (ex. Mons.). Sats., Weds., Thurs., 2.30. ROBERT DONAT in **"THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE."** 7/6—1/6.

QUEEN'S. Ger. 4517. Evgs., 8.15. Mats., Wed., Sat., 2.30. OWEN NARES. BARBARA MULLEN in **"REBECCA."**

STRAND. Mon. to Fri., at 8. (Sats., 5.30, 8.30), Weds., 2.30. **WOMEN AREN'T ANGELS,** by VERNON SYLVAINE ROBERTSON HARE. ALFRED DRAYTON. (Tem. 2660).

THRESHOLD Th. Clb. 18 Chepstow Vil., Westbrne Gr. **"TILL THE DAY I DIE"** by Clifford Odet. Nightly, incl. Sun. (ex. Mon.), at 8. B.O. 11—10. Bay 1551.

CONCERT

QUEEN'S HALL Sole Lessees, Chappell's.
FRIDAY, AUG. 2nd, at 8.
SPECIAL BENEFIT CONCERT
in aid of the funds of the
LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA.
Musical Culture, Ltd., presents
RICHARD TAUBER
as
SINGER, COMPOSER and CONDUCTOR
JOAN HAMMOND
The Celebrated Soprano
LONDON PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA
Conducted by
RICHARD TAUBER
Hon. Management: Harold Holt, 3 Clifford Street, W.1.
Accompanist: PERCY KAHN. Steinway Piano.
2*s.* 6*d.*, 3*s.* 6*d.*, 5*s.*, 7*s.* 6*d.*, 12*s.*, 21*s.*, obtainable at Queen's Hall, Chappell's, 50 New Bond Street, and Agents.

SHAVE WITH JIF SHAVING CREAM

Whilst sitting one day in a cafe
An elderly sailor named Tafe
Inscribed on a beam
"Shave with Jif Shaving Cream"—
I always buy mine from the N.A.A.F.I.

Jif

Sailors *do* care about their shaves—that's why so many choose Jif Shaving Cream. It is quick, comfortable, soothing, convenient, and works up a copious lather. It is made by Pears.

6d and 1/- (U.K. only)

SHAVING CREAM

A. & F. Pears Ltd., Isleworth, Middlesex PJ32/63

FILM

ACADEMY Cinema, Oxford St. Ger. 2981
"NOUS LES JEUNES" (A)
Youth's Quest for Utopia
and RAIMU in piquant comedy
"LA FEMME DU BOULANGER" (A)

EXHIBITION

ARTISTS OF FAME AND OF PROMISE
8th Exhibition of Paintings and Sculpture
LEICESTER GALLERIES, Leicester Sq. 10–5.30.

RESTAURANTS

GREEK RESTAURANT. White Tower, 1 Percy St., W.1. Mus. 2187. Shashliks, Stuffed Vine-leaves, Retsina wine.

In times like these
old friends are best

Men in their prime—and men in their youth—all know the value of Beechams Pills. A timely dose will keep a man in the pink of condition—keep his blood pure, his stomach in order, his liver active and prevent him putting on weight and girth. Purely vegetable. Sold everywhere.

TAKE **Beechams** BRAND **Pills**

Worth a guinea a box